THE

FIVE BOOKS

OF

ANICIUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS SEVERINUS

BOETHIUS,

ON THE

CONSOLATION

OF

PHILOSOPHY,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

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Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

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PREFACE.

THE ſmall Treatiſe on the CONSOLATION of PHILOSOPHY, written originally in Latin by BOETHIUS, a Chriſtian Philoſopher, has been much eſteemed for many ages, on account of the importance of the ſubject matter, and the agreeable manner in which it is handled. It is in the way of Dialogue, between the Author and Philoſophy, whom he perſonifies, and deſcribes in a beautiful manner; and the method is diverſified by Verſe and Proſe alternately, which renders it both inſtructive and entertaining.

Boethius, we are told, was born in the year of our Lord 455, of an ancient and noble family, to which he did honour by his perſonal merit, being a man of great probity

probity and learning. He was ſent very young, for his education, to Athens, which was even then famous for learning. Soon after his return, his virtues recommended him to the favour of the moſt eminent citizens, by whoſe intereſt he was raiſed to the higheſt offices of ſtate, which he diſcharged with honour and integrity. But his great abilities, as it uſually happens, excited the envy of ſeveral of the Courtiers, by whoſe falſe accuſations, he was baniſhed to Ticinum, and impriſoned there; and was at laſt beheaded in priſon, by order of Theodoric King of the Goths, who was then in poſſeſſion of Italy. Thus Boethius was put to death in the year 526, in the 71ſt year of his age.

Boethius wrote many books, and tranſlated many from Ariſtotle and others. This laſt Treatiſe he is ſuppoſed to have written in priſon, and to have been prevented, by an untimely death, from finiſhing it. This is very probable: For, in the Fourth Book, he calls Philoſophy the harbinger

binger who uſhers in the true light, namely, that of divine revelation, which alone affords the true conſolation, and can conduct men to their native home, that is, Heaven. This Philoſophy promiſed to do, (whence ſhe is underſtood to be Chriſtian Philoſophy), and was preparing to perform her promiſe in the beginning of the fifth book, when ſhe was interrupted by ſome queſtions propoſed by Boethius, the ſolution of which concludes the book. It is a pity the author did not live to add another book, or more, on the conſolation that may be drawn from the doctrines of Chriſtianity, which would have made his Treatiſe quite complete.

What the author lived to finiſh, is a valuable performance. It is divided into five books. The firſt contains the complaint and lamentation of Boethius, from a compariſon of his former with his preſent fortune.

In the ſecond, Philoſophy employs ſome gentle means to mitigate his grief, and ſhews him

him that he had no reaſon to complain of fortune.

The third book contains more effectual remedies againſt trouble of mind, in which Philoſophy, rejecting the appearance of falſe felicity, points out the true happineſs.

The fourth teaches, that all wicked men are unhappy and weak; but that good men are always happy and powerful, under God the governour of all. This treats of Providence and Fate, and ſhews that no fortune is bad.

The fifth treats of Chance, of Liberty of will, and the agreement of Liberty with the divine foreknowledge.

It is to be hoped, that a good tranſlation of this author will meet with a favourable reception. Whether the following be ſuch or not, muſt be left for others to determine. I can only ſay, that I have attended ſolely to the letter and ſpirit of the original, having made no uſe of any Commentators or Interpreters whatever; and have ſtudied to render both the verſe and proſe as literally

as

as poſſible, as I think every juſt tranſlation ought to be.

Such a book is well worth the peruſal of all; and the ſmallneſs of the volume and price will render the purchaſe eaſy to all. But it is chiefly intended as a ſchool-book, both in Latin and Engliſh ſchools. In the former it will be an uſeful exerciſe for the boys to render paſſages of it back into Latin; and in Engliſh ſchools it may ſerve for a Collection in proſe and verſe.

BOETHIUS

ON THE

CONSOLATION

OF

PHILOSOPHY.

BOOK I.

METRE I.

I who of late did ſing in chearful ſtrain,
Muſt now, alas! in doleful notes complain.
In garments rent the Muſes bid me write,
And, bath'd in tears, true Elegies endite.
No terror could the faithful zeal abate
Of theſe companions of my hapleſs fate.
The glory of my proſp'rous youthful ſtage,
Now ſoothes the ſorrows of my mournful age.

Haſten'd by ills, old age comes unaware,
And grief its length of time hath bid me ſhare,
Untimely hoarineſs o'erſpreads my head,
And my looſe ſkin doth ſhake, my fleſh decay'd.
Bleſt death to men! which on their joyous years
Intrudes not; but, when call'd, relieves their tears.
Alas, how deaf is death to human woes,
And ſtill denies the weeping eyes to cloſe!
While Fortune her light favours on me ſhed,
A fatal hour had nearly ſunk my head.
Now, ſince o'erclouded ſhe has chang'd her face,
Unpleaſing life protracts its cruel race.
Ah why, my friends, did you me happy call?
He ſtood not ſure who hath receiv'd a fall.

PROSE I.

While I was ſilently muſing on theſe things by myſelf, and marking my mournful complaint by the help of my pen, there ſeemed to ſtand over my head a woman of a very venerable aſpect, with brilliant eyes, and ſharp-ſighted beyond the common power of mankind; of a lively complexion, and unexhauſted vigour, altho' ſhe was ſo full of years, that ſhe could by no means

means be believed to be a perſon of our age: Her ſtature was difficult to determine; for ſometimes ſhe confined herſelf to the common ſize of the human ſpecies, at other times ſhe ſeemed to ſtrike the ſky with the crown of her lofty head; and, when ſhe had raiſed her head higher, ſhe even penetrated heaven itſelf, and diſappointed the ſight of the beholders. Her garments were of the fineſt threads, wrought with nice artifice, and of indiſſoluble materials, which, as I afterwards learned from her own information, ſhe had woven with her own hands; the appearance of which a certain dimneſs of neglected antiquity had overſpread, as uſually happens to ſmoaky images. In the lower border of theſe appeared, inwoven, the letter Π; in the upper, Θ: And, betwixt both letters, there ſeemed to be marked certain ſteps like ſtairs, by which there was an aſcent from the lower to the upper letter. The ſame garment, however, had been torn by the hands of ſome violent perſons, and each had carried off what ſmall pieces he could. Her right hand held ſome little books, her left a ſceptre. When ſhe ſaw the poetic Muſes ſtanding by my bed, and dictating words to my ſorrowful thoughts, ſhe compoſed herſelf

for

for ſome moments; and then, inflamed with ſtern eyes, ſhe ſays: Who hath permitted theſe theatrical harlots to approach to this afflicted perſon? not only to eaſe his griefs by no remedies, but farther to increaſe them by ſweet poiſons. For theſe are they who, by the fruitleſs thorns of the paſſions, kill the fruitful crop of reaſon, and accuſtom men's minds to diſeaſe, but do not free them from it. Indeed, if ſome profane perſon, as it commonly happens, were drawn away from me by your allurements, I ſhould think it ought to be borne with leſs uneaſineſs; for our intereſt would be nothing hurt thereby. But have you attacked this perſon, educated from his infancy in the Eleatic and Academic ſtudies? Rather get you gone to deſtruction, ye enchanting Sirens, and leave him to be cured and healed by my Muſes. That choir, thus reprimanded, being ſomewhat abaſhed, caſt down their looks to the ground, and, confeſſing their ſhame by a bluſh, with ſorrow left the houſe. But I, whoſe eyes, drowned in tears, were become ſo dim, that I could not diſcern who this woman was, of ſuch commanding authority, was amazed, and, fixing my eyes on the ground, expected, in ſilence, what ſhe would

do

do next. Then ſhe, approaching nearer, ſat down on my bed-ſide, and, beholding my countenance heavy with mourning, and caſt down to the ground in ſorrow, complained of the diſorder of my mind in theſe verſes.

METRE II.

Ah! in what deep abyſs the blunted mind
Is plunged, and, its native light forgone,
In foreign darkneſs tends to loſe its way;
While, by the blaſts of earthly things impell'd,
Noxious corroding care immenſely grows!
This man, of late free in the open air,
Inur'd to trace the regions of the ſky,
Beheld the roſy ſun's refulgent light,
Survey'd the gelid moon's enfeebled rays;
And ev'ry ſtar, which plies its wand'ring courſe,
Through various orbs revolving, watchful view'd,
And, with capacious mind, compris'd them all.
Nay more, the cauſes whence the azure main
Flows, and obſtructs the noiſy river's courſe;
What active pow'r revolves the pond'rous orb,
Or why the ſun ſtarts from the beaming eaſt,
To fall at length into the weſtern waves;
What gently warms the placid hours of ſpring,

To

To beautify the earth with roſy flow'rs;
What gave the fruitful autumn of the year
To flow profuſely with the loaded grapes.
Theſe things he us'd to ſearch, and to unfold
What various nat'ral cauſes lie conceal'd:
Now quite depreſt, his light of mind extinct,
His weary neck with heavy chains o'erborne,
And countenance down bending by the weight,
Is forc'd, alas! to view the ſtupid earth.

PROSE II.

But, ſays ſhe, it is rather time for cure, than for complaint. Then, fixing her eyes attentively upon me, ſhe ſays, Are you the man who, formerly nurſed by my milk, and educated by food ſupplied by me, grew up to manly ſtrength of mind? Surely I furniſhed you with ſuch arms, as, unleſs you had firſt thrown them away, would have defended you with invincible firmneſs. Do you know me? Why do you not ſpeak? Are you ſilent through ſhame or ſtupidity? I had rather it were from ſhame; but I ſee ſtupidity has ſeized you. And, when ſhe ſaw me not only ſilent, but quite mute, and ſpeechleſs, ſhe gently applied her hand to my breaſt,

breaſt, and ſaid, There is no danger; he is in a lethargy, the common diſeaſe of minds under illuſion; he has forgotten himſelf for a little; he will eaſily recollect himſelf, as ſoon as he ſhall have known me again. That he may do this, let me wipe his eyes a little, which a cloud of worldly things hath darkened. Having thus ſaid, ſhe folded together a part of her robe, and dried my eyes, flowing with tears.

METRE III.

Then, night diſpell'd, the darkneſs me forſook,
And priſtine vigour to my eyes return'd;
As when by furious weſtern winds the ſtars
Are wrapt, and ſtormy ſhow'rs beſet the ſky,
Nor ſun by day, nor ſtars by night appear,
And darkneſs from above o'erſpreads the earth;
If Boreas, from the Thracian cave diſpatch'd,
But ſweep it, and unlock th' impriſon'd day,
Phœbus ſhines forth, and darting inſtant light,
Quick ſtrikes the wond'ring eyes with radiant beams.

PROSE

PROSE III.

Juſt ſo; the miſts of ſorrow being diſſipated, I drew the celeſtial air, and recovered my ſenſes, to know the face of my Phyſician: Therefore, when I had turned my eyes, and fixed my looks upon her, I ſee my nurſe, in whoſe family I had been converſant from my youth, namely, Philoſophy. And why, ſay I, haſt thou, O Miſtreſs of all virtues, deſcended from the upper regions, and come into theſe lonely abodes of my exile? Is it that thou alſo, arraigned with me, ſhouldſt be perſecuted by falſe accuſations? Should I forſake thee, ſays ſhe, O foſter-child, and not divide the burden which thou haſt borne for my ſake, by ſharing the danger with thee? Indeed it was not proper for Philoſophy to leave the path of an innocent perſon unattended. Should I fear my own crimination? and be afraid, as if ſomething new had happened? For, do you think that this is the firſt time that wiſdom has been expoſed to dangers among men of diſſolute manners? Have I not been often engaged in a great conteſt with the raſhneſs of folly even among the ancients, before the age of our Plato?

Plato? And, while he was alive, did not his maſter Socrates gain the victory over an unjuſt death, while I ſtood by him? Whoſe inheritance, when the Epicurean ſect, the Stoics, and others in after times, attempted every one, for his own part, to ſeize upon, and drew me, remonſtrating and ſtriving againſt them, as it were into a part of the ſpoil. They tore the garment, which I had woven with my own hands, and, having ſnatched off ſmall pieces of it, they believed that I had wholely fallen to their ſhare, and went away: And, becauſe ſome veſtiges of my habit were ſeen about them, their imprudence imagining they were my intimate friends, led away ſome of them into the error of the profane multitude. And, if you neither know the baniſhment of Anaxagoras, nor the poiſoning of Socrates, nor the torturing of Zeno, becauſe theſe are foreign matters, yet you may have been informed of the Canii, the Senecas, the Sorani; whoſe memory is neither very ancient, nor obſcure; whoſe fall was owing to nothing elſe, but that, being trained up in my morals, they ſeemed, in their inclinations, very unlike the wicked. Therefore you need not wonder, if on this ſea of life we are toſſed by ſtorms

blowing about us, ſince it is chiefly our purpoſe to diſpleaſe the worſt of men; whoſe army, though it be indeed numerous, yet is to be deſpiſed; becauſe it is conducted by no leader, but hurried on by crazy error, raſhly and confuſedly. And if, at any time, this army ſhould prove too powerful for us in the field of battle, our leader draws her forces together into a fort, while our antagoniſts are employed in plundering the uſeleſs baggage. And, while they are ſnatching away the moſt worthleſs of things, we laugh at them from above, ſecure from all the furious tumult, and fortified by a rampart, to which raging folly cannot aſpire.

METRE IV.

He who, in regulated life ſerene,
Hath laid beneath his feet imperious fate,
And viewing either fortune ſtedfaſtly,
Can ſtill retain a countenance unmov'd;
Nor rage and threat'ning aſpect of the ſea,
Raiſing the ſurges from the deep upturn'd,
Nor yet Veſevus with eruption fierce,
Whirling from furnaces the ſmoaky fires,
Nor tract of flaming thunderbolt that ſtrikes

The

The lofty tow'rs, can move his dauntleſs ſoul.
Why with ſuch wonder do weak men regard
Ferocious tyrants raging, impotent?
If you nor hope for any thing, nor fear,
You will diſarm the weak oppreſſor's rage:
But he, who trembling fears, or fondly hopes
What is not conſtant, and within his pow'r,
Hath dropt his ſhield, and, moved from his ground,
Forges a chain by which he may be dragg'd.

PROSE IV.

Do you feel theſe things, ſays ſhe, and do they find their way into your mind? Or are you inſenſible, like "the aſs to the lyre?" Why do you weep? Why are you bathed in tears? "Speak out, do not ſtifle your ſenti-"ments." If you expect aſſiſtance from the phyſician, you muſt uncover your wound. Then, collecting my courage and ſtrength, I ſay: Is there yet any occaſion for putting you in mind of the ſeverity of fortune raging againſt me, and does it not ſufficiently appear of itſelf? Does not the very appearance of the place move you? Is this the library which you had choſen in my houſe

houſe for your conſtant abode? in which, reſiding with me, you often reaſoned of the knowledge of divine and human things. Was my habit and countenance ſuch, when I ſearched with you into the ſecrets of nature; when you deſcribed to me, with the mathematician's rod, the paths of the ſtars; when you formed my manners, and the plan of my whole life, after the pattern of heavenly order? Is this the reward I receive for obeying you? You confirmed this ſaying from the mouth of Plato, that ſtates would be happy if either philoſophers ſhould rule them, or if it ſhould happen that their rulers applied themſelves to the ſtudy of philoſophy. You taught, by the mouth of the ſame man, that this was a neceſſary cauſe for wiſe men to undertake the management of public affairs, that the government of cities might not be left to wicked and debauched citizens, and good men be brought to ruin and deſtruction. Following, therefore, this authority, I reſolved to reduce into action, in the public adminiſtration, what I had learned from you in my private retirement. You, and God, who hath implanted you in the minds of wiſe men, are my witneſſes, that, when I came into the magiſtracy,

magiſtracy, I had no other end in view, but the common intereſt of all good men. Then I had to encounter mighty and irreconcileable differences with wicked men; and, what liberty and clearneſs of conſcience is apt to produce, I always ſlighted the diſpleaſure of powerful men, in the defence of right. How often did I oppoſe Conigaſtus, when he was making an attack upon the fortunes of every weak and unſupported perſon! How often did I check Triguilla, the chief officer of the palace, in the committing of injurious deeds, which he had deſigned, and well nigh executed! How often, by my authority, which was expoſed to dangers, did I protect unhappy men, whom the unpuniſhed avarice of barbarians always haraſſed by endleſs calumnies! Never did any one draw me aſide from right to wrong. When the fortunes of the provincials were ruined both by private extortions and public exactions, I was no leſs grieved than the ſufferers. When, in the time of a ſevere famine, a diſtreſſing and inevitable proclamation was made to buy up corn, which threatened the province of Campania with want, I engaged in a conteſt againſt the principal officer of the palace. I inſiſted before the King, as judge,

judge, that the corn to be purchaſed ſhould not be exacted, and I prevailed. I ſaved Paulinus, a conſular gentleman, whoſe wealth the dogs about the palace (greedy courtiers) had already, in hope and ambition, devoured, from their very jaws, while they were gaping to ſwallow him up. I expoſed myſelf to the bitter hatred of Cyprian the informer, that Albinus, a conſular gentleman, might not ſuffer puniſhment upon a prejudged accuſation. Do I ſeem to have incurred reſentments ſufficiently great? But I, who, from the love of juſtice, kept nothing to myſelf, that I might be ſafer among courtiers, ought therefore to have been ſafer among others. Now, by what informers have I been overthrown? One of theſe, Baſilius, having been formerly turned out of the King's ſervice, was compelled, by the preſſure of his debts, to inform againſt me. And, when the royal cenſure had decreed that Opilio and Gaudentius ſhould go into baniſhment, for their manifold injuries and frauds, and they refuſing to obey, endeavoured to protect themſelves, by taking ſanctuary in the holy temples; and the thing was made known to the King: He ordered, that, unleſs they departed from the city of Ravenna within

within the time appointed, they ſhould be branded in their foreheads, and expelled. What means, may one think, could be contrived to avoid the execution of this peremptory order? Yet the ſame day, by the ſame informers, an accuſation was laid againſt me. What then? Did my behaviour deſerve ſuch treatment? Did a previous condemnation of themſelves make them juſt accuſers? Is it ſo, that fortune was not at all aſhamed either of innocence accuſed, or of the vileneſs of the accuſers? But do you aſk the ſum of the charge brought againſt me? I am ſaid to have wiſhed that the Senate may be ſafe. Do you deſire to know the manner? I am criminated for having hindered an informer from bringing proofs, upon which he might impeach the Senate of treaſon. What then, O my teacher, do you adviſe? Shall I deny the charge, that I may not be a ſhame to you? But I wiſhed the thing; nor ſhall I ever ceaſe to wiſh it. Shall I confeſs it? But then my uſefulneſs, in checking an informer, will be at an end. But ſhall I own it a crime to have wiſhed the ſafety of that order? They, indeed, by their decrees in my favour, had made it a crime in me to do ſo. But imprudent people, though they always

impoſe

impoſe upon themſelves, cannot change the merits of a cauſe: Nor do I think I was at liberty, conſiſtently with the doctrine of Socrates, either to have concealed the truth, or to have granted a falſehood. But how that affair ſtands, I leave to your judgment, and that of wiſe men. That the ſeries and truth of this matter might not be concealed from poſterity, I have committed it to writing, and left it upon record. For why ſhould I ſpeak of the forged letters, by which I am accuſed of having hoped for the reſtoration of Roman liberty? the fraud of which would have plainly appeared, if I had been allowed to make uſe of the confeſſion of the informers themſelves, which has very great weight in all caſes. For what remaining liberty can be hoped for? And O that any could be expected! I ſhould have anſwered in the words of Canius; who, when he was ſaid by Caius Caeſar, the ſon of Germanicus, to have been privy to a conſpiracy formed againſt him; If I had known of it, ſaid he, you would not have known of it. In which matter, ſorrow hath not ſo much dulled my ſenſes, as to make me complain, that impious men have attempted wicked things againſt virtue. But that they have effected what they hoped,

hoped, ſurpriſes me very much. For, to wiſh me ill, might perhaps be owing to ſome defect in me: But, for every wicked man to be able to execute, in the preſence of God, whatever he has imagined againſt virtue, is like a prodigy. Whence it was, not without reaſon, that one of your friends aſked; If there is a God, ſays he, whence comes evil? But whence comes good, if there is not? But, ſuppoſing it was permitted, that wicked men, who ſeek the blood of all good men, and of the whole Senate, ſhould wiſh to accompliſh my deſtruction, did I alſo deſerve the ſame of the Senators? You remember, I ſuppoſe, for you was always preſent to direct me what to ſay or do; you remember, I ſay, when at Verona, the King, bent upon the common deſtruction, endeavoured to transfer the charge of treaſon brought againſt Albinus, to the whole order of the Senate, how I defended the innocence of all the Senate, without any regard to my own danger. You know that I ſay theſe things with truth, and that I have never boaſted of them in praiſe of myſelf. For the ſecret pleaſure of an approving conſcience is in ſome meaſure leſſened, when a man, by oſtentation of his conduct, receives the reward of

fame. But you ſee the event my innocence has met with. Inſtead of the rewards of true virtue, I ſuffer the puniſhment of pretended wickedneſs. And when did the manifeſt confeſſion of a crime find judges ſo unanimous in ſeverity, that neither the error of the human underſtanding, nor the condition of fortune, which is uncertain to all, moved any of them? If I were ſaid to have attempted to burn temples, to butcher the prieſts impiouſly with the ſword, or to have projected the deſtruction of all good men, I ſhould, however, have been ſentenced to puniſhment when preſent, upon confeſſion or conviction. Now far removed, to the diſtance of near five hundred miles, and undefended, I am condemned to death and proſcription for my zeal in favour of the Senate. How well have they deſerved, that none ſhould hereafter be convicted of ſuch a charge! Even the informers themſelves were ſenſible that this accuſation reflected honour upon me; which, that they might blacken by the admixture of ſome crime, they falſely alledged that I had, from an ambition for this honour, polluted my conſcience by ſacrilege. But you, who are implanted in me, baniſhed all inordinate deſire of earthly

earthly things from the ſeat of my mind; and, under your eyes, it was impoſſible there could be any room for ſacrilege. For you daily inſtilled into my ears and thoughts that ſaying of Pythagoras, "Follow God." Nor was it ſuitable for me, whom you formed to the excellence of being god-like, to ſeek the ſupport of the vileſt ſpirits. Beſides, the innocence of my houſe and private retirement, the company of moſt reſpectable friends, my worthy father-in-law Symmachus, a man of an excellent character, and equally venerable in every deed, ſecure me from all ſuſpicion of ſuch a crime. But, O abominable! they indeed endeavour to gain belief of this charge from you; and I am thought to have been concerned in wickedneſs from this very circumſtance, that I was inſtructed in your doctrines, and formed by your morals. So it is not enough that a reverence for you has availed me nothing; but you are alſo wounded unjuſtly in my quarrel. But truly this burden is alſo added to my afflictions, that moſt people, in their eſtimation of characters, do not regard the merits of things, but the event of fortune, and impute to prudent foreſight only thoſe things which ſucceſs hath ſanctioned. Whence it comes

to

to paſs, that a good reputation, firſt of all, forſakes the unhappy. What the rumours of the people now are, how different and various their opinions, I am ſorry to call to mind. This only I may ſay, that the moſt diſtreſſing load of adverſe fortune is, that when any crime is laid to the charge of the unfortunate, though falſely, they are believed to have deſerved what they ſuffer: And I, indeed, baniſhed from all my poſſeſſions, ſtripped of my honours, and ſullied in my reputation, have met with puniſhment for kindneſs. Methinks I ſee the impious haunts of the wicked flowing with joy and mirth; every abandoned wretch lying in wait for new fraudful informations; good men humbled and dejected for fear of my danger; every debauchee encouraged by impunity to engage in wicked deſigns, and prompted by rewards to put them in execution; and the innocent not only deprived of ſecurity, but even denied the means of their own defence: Therefore I may well cry out:

METRE

METRE V.

Great Maker of the ſtarry frame!
Enthron'd on high, and ſtill the ſame,
Who turn'ſt the heav'n with rapid wheel,
And mak'ſt the ſtars thy law to feel;
So the fair moon now full retires,
Oppos'd to all her brother's fires,
And hides the leſſer lamps of night,
Now near approaching Phœbus bright,
Pale and obſcure, ſhe loſes all her light.
And Veſper, who, when night takes place,
Diſplays her cold but vivid face,
Again forſakes her wonted way,
And uſhers in the beams of day.
Thou to a time of ſhort delay
Contract'ſt the leafleſs winter's day:
Thou, in the ſultry ſummer bright,
Short'neſt the nimble hours of night.
Thy influence rules the varied year.
The leaves which Boreas, breathing clear,
Had ſnatched from the trees before,
The ſoft'ning Zephyr doth reſtore;
And ſeeds beneath Arcturus ſown
Sirius beholdeth ripe and mown.

Nought

Nought from the ancient law is freed,
Or leaves the place for it decreed.
Thou, Ruler of this earthly ball,
To certain ends directing all,
Refuſeſt only to reſtrain
Men's actions with a ſteady rein.
For why doth fortune, prone to change,
Effectuate events ſo ſtrange?
The ſuff'ring that to guilt is due
Doth oft the innocent purſue:
But tempers vitious and perverſe
Are often, by unjuſt reverſe
Of fortune, rais'd to lofty thrones,
And tread the necks of upright ones:
True worth is darken'd and defam'd,
And honeſt men for knaves are blam'd;
Knaves feel no hurt for perjury,
And fraud diſguiſed by a lie:
But when they take it in their head
To uſe the pow'r which nations dread,
Ambition then their fancy ſtings
To ſubjugate the greateſt Kings.
Thou who fram'ſt Nature's fed'ral bands,
O now regard theſe wretched lands.
Of thy great work, form'd with ſuch art,
Men conſtitute no trivial part;

On

On fortune's ſtormy ſea we roll;
Do thou the raging waves controul,
And make thoſe laws on earth prevail
Which in the heavens never fail.

PROSE V.

After I had uttered theſe words with continued grief, ſhe, with a placid countenance, and nothing moved by my complaints, ſays, When I ſaw you ſorrowful and weeping, I preſently knew you to be in affliction and exile: But how far diſtant that exile was, I knew not, till your own words had made the diſcovery. But indeed you have not been baniſhed far from your native country, but have wandered from it: For if you call to mind the country of which you are a native, it is not ruled, like that of the Athenians of old, by the government of the multitude; but there is "one King, one Gover-"nour" of it, who delights in the abundance of citizens, not in the baniſhment of them; and to be guided by his direction, and ſubmit to his government, is the principal liberty. Do you not know that moſt ancient law of your country, by which it is enacted, that it is not lawful for a man

man to be baniſhed from it, who chooſes to fix his habitation therein? For there is no fear that he, who keeps himſelf innocently within the walls and fortifications of his native city, ſhould deſire to be baniſhed from it: But whoever ceaſes to be willing to inhabit it, at the ſame time ceaſes alſo to deſerve it; therefore the appearance of this place does not move me ſo much as your appearance. Nor do I inquire after the walls of your library, decked with ivory and glaſs, but rather the ſituation of your mind; in which I have placed not books, but that which gives value to books, the ſentiments contained in books formerly my own. You have ſaid things concerning your ſervices for the public good, true, indeed, but few, conſidering the great number of actions you have performed. As to your honeſty, and the falſity of the things objected to you, what you have mentioned is known to all. As to the wickedneſs and frauds of informers, you have indeed judged right, in touching but lightly on them, ſince theſe things are better and more fully publiſhed by the mouths of the people, who paſs judgment upon every thing. You have alſo ſeverely blamed the unjuſt conduct of the ſenate. You

have

have likewiſe expreſſed your concern for the accuſations brought againſt me, and the loſſes conſequent upon my injured reputation. Laſtly, you have inveighed with warmth againſt fortune, and complained that due rewards are not paid to merit. In the concluſion of what your angry Muſe ſuggeſted, you have expreſſed your wiſhes, that the peace which ruleth heaven might alſo rule the earth. But ſince you are oppreſſed by a great tumult of paſſions; and vexation, anger, and ſorrow, draw you different ways; in the diſpoſition of mind you are now in, more powerful remedies are not yet proper for you. We ſhall therefore, for a while, uſe more lenient applications, that the parts affected, which have hardened to a ſwelling by a flow of diſorderly paſſions, may be ſoftened by a gentle touching, to receive the virtue of a more effectual medicine.

METRE VI.

When, influenced by Phœbus' beams,
The ſultry ſign of Cancer gleams;
Who then the gen'rous ſeed doth ſow
In furrows ſtiff, where none can grow;

Eluded of his hope at laſt
Beneath the oak muſt gather maſt.
Never to purple grove repair,
To gather there the vi'lets fair,
When by the breath of Boreas keen
The fields are horrid to be ſeen.
And if you would the grapes enjoy,
Do not the tender ſhoots annoy,
Nor with impatient hand incline
To ſtrip too ſoon the vernal vine:
Till Autumn, Bacchus doth defer
His gifts delicious to confer.
To proper duties God aſſigns
The fitteſt times, for wiſe deſigns;
Nor bounds, which he diſtinctly fix'd,
Permits to be confus'dly mix'd.
So they who haſty ways purſue,
And leave the ſettled order due,
And with impatience onward preſs,
Can hardly meet with good ſucceſs.

PROSE VI.

Firſt, then, do you permit me, by a few queſtions, to touch upon, and feel the ſtate of your mind, that I may underſtand what is the proper method

method for your cure? Do you, at pleaſure, ſay I, aſk me what you will, and I will endeavour to anſwer you. Then, ſhe ſays, Do you think that this world is actuated by raſh and fortuitous chances? or do you believe that there is in it any government of reaſon? Nay, ſay I, I can by no means imagine that things ſo regular ſhould be directed by fortuitous temerity: But I know, that God the Creator doth preſide over his own work; nor ſhall the time ever come, that ſhall drive me from the truth of this opinion. It is ſo, ſays ſhe; for you alſo ſung this a little before, and lamented that men only are not partakers of the divine care. For, as to other things, you had no doubt but that they were governed by reaſon. But, O ſtrange! I wonder mightily, how you, who are ſettled in ſo ſalutary an opinion, can be indiſpoſed! But let us ſearch deeper; I gueſs that ſomething is wanting. But tell me, ſince you do not queſtion that the world is governed by God, do you conſider by what means that government is conducted? I ſcarcely know, ſaid I, the meaning of your queſtion, much leſs can I give an anſwer to what you aſk. Was I miſtaken, ſays ſhe, that ſomething was wanting, through which defect, as through a chink

chink in wood, the diſeaſe of diſorderly paſſions has found its way into your mind? But tell me, Do you remember what is the end of things? or to what the intention of all nature tends? I had heard it, ſay I, but ſorrow has dulled my memory. But do you know, whence all things have proceeded? I know, ſay I, and have anſwered, that it is God. And how is it poſſible that, having known the beginning, you ſhould be ignorant of what is the end of things? But ſuch is the nature of diſorderly paſſions, ſuch their power, that they can indeed diſcompoſe a man, but cannot quite unhinge, and extirpate him from himſelf. But this, too, I would have you anſwer: Do you remember that you are a man? Why ſhould I not remember it, ſay I? Can you then ſay, what a man is? Do you aſk this? Do not I know that he is a rational and mortal creature? I do know it, and confeſs that I am ſo. Then, ſhe ſays, Do you know that you are nothing elſe? Nothing. Now, I know that there is another, and that the greateſt cauſe of your diſeaſe, you have ceaſed to know what you yourſelf are: Therefore, I have completely found out the cauſe of your diſorder, and the method of bringing about your recovery; for,

becauſe

becauſe you are confuſed through a forgetfulneſs of yourſelf, you lament that you are an exile, and ſtripped of your proper goods; and becauſe you know not what is the end of things, you think that worthleſs and wicked men are powerful and happy: And becauſe you have forgotten by what means of government the world is ruled, you think that theſe viciſſitudes of fortune are fluctuating without a ruler. Theſe are powerful cauſes, not for diſeaſe only, but even for deſtruction. But thanks to the author of ſafety, that Nature has not yet forſaken you altogether. I find in yourſelf a ſufficient fund for your recovery, your true opinion of the government of the world, that you believe it not ſubjected to the blindneſs of chance, but to the divine reaſon; therefore you need not be much afraid. From this little ſpark the vital heat will ſoon warm and enlighten you. But becauſe it is not yet time to uſe ſtronger remedies, and it is certain that ſuch is the nature of men's minds, that when they have put off the true, they aſſume falſe opinions, from which ariſes a darkneſs of perturbations, which obſcures the true ſight of things. This I will endeavour to leſſen gradually, by gentle and moderate applications, that,

that, when the darkneſs of deceitful paſſions is removed, you may diſcern the brightneſs of the true light.

METRE VII.

By black'ning clouds obſcur'd,
The ſtars no light can yield.
If turbid Auſter roll the ſea,
And mix the wat'ry field;
The ſurface clear of late,
Reſembling days ſerene,
Now ſoiled with diſſolved mire,
Is frightful to be ſeen.
The ſtream that from the hills
Down flowing, runs aſtray,
By interpoſing broken rocks
Oft ſtops its rapid way.
Juſt ſo, if you would ſee
The truth with open view;
And with a ſmooth and even courſe
The path of life purſue:
Joy, fear, and hope, remove,
And let not grief aſſail;
The mind is clouded, and enthral'd,
Wherever theſe prevail.

BOOK II.

PROSE I.

AFTER this ſhe pauſed a little; and when ſhe had fixed my attention by a modeſt ſilence, ſhe proceeded thus: If I have thoroughly diſcovered the cauſes and nature of your uneaſineſs, you pine away with deſire of your former fortune, and with regret for the loſs of it; that only being changed, as you imagine, has perverted the ſtate of your mind. I know the various tricks and diſguiſes of that changeful prodigy (Fortune), and that ſhe uſes a moſt flattering familiarity with thoſe whom ſhe intends to deceive, till ſhe perplexes them with intolerable vexation, when ſhe leaves them unexpectedly; and if you conſider her nature, ways, and behaviour, you will find that you neither poſſeſſed,

poſſeſſed, nor have loſt any thing valuable in her. But, I ſuppoſe, I need not take much pains to recal theſe things to your remembrance: For you were wont to combat her with manly words, even when ſhe was preſent, and ſmiling upon you; and you inveighed againſt her with ſentiments drawn from my ſacred repoſitory. It is true, every ſudden change of things happens not without ſome fluctuation of men's minds: So it has come to paſs, that you alſo have departed a little from your tranquillity. But it is time that you ſhould draw in and taſte ſomething that is ſoft and pleaſant, which, paſſing into the inward parts, may open a way for more powerful draughts. Come, then, perſuaſive power of rhetorical ſweetneſs, who then only proceedeſt in the right path, when thou forſakeſt not my inſtitutions; and, along with thee, let Muſic, a handmaid of my family, now lighter airs, now graver accents ſing. What is it then, O man! that has thrown you into ſorrow and mourning? You have ſeen, I ſuppoſe, ſomething new and uncommon. You are miſtaken, if you think that Fortune is changed towards you. Theſe are always her manners; this is her nature. With reſpect to you, ſhe has rather kept

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to the conſtancy peculiar to her, even in her mutability. Such ſhe was when ſhe flattered you, when ſhe amuſed you with the allurements of falſe happineſs. You have diſcovered the changeable countenance of the blind goddeſs. She who as yet veils herſelf to others, is perfectly known to you. Enjoy her ways, if you approve of them; do not complain. If you dread her treachery, deſpiſe and reject her, while ſhe flatters you to your hurt: For that which is now the cauſe of ſo much ſorrow to you, ought to have been the cauſe of your tranquillity. For ſhe has forſaken you; and no man can ever be aſſured that ſhe will not forſake him. But do you eſteem that happineſs valuable which may ſoon paſs away? And is preſent fortune dear to you, when her ſtay cannot be depended upon, and her departure will occaſion ſorrow? Now, if ſhe cannot be retained at pleaſure, and makes men calamitous, when ſhe flies away; what elſe is this volatile being, but an evidence of future calamity? For it will not be ſufficient to look at that which is placed before our eyes. Prudence weighs the events of things; and the ſame mutability, in either caſe, makes the frowns of Fortune not formidable, nor her ſmiles deſirable.

Laſtly, you muſt bear with patience whatever is tranſacted within the ſphere of Fortune, when once you have ſubjected your neck to her yoke. But if you ſhould incline to preſcribe a law of ſtaying and going to her, whom you have voluntarily choſen for your Miſtreſs, would you not be unreaſonable, and embitter by your impatience the lot which you cannot change? If you were to commit your ſails to the winds, you would proceed, not whither your inclination might direct, but whither the blaſt might drive you. If you would depoſit ſeeds in the ground, you muſt weigh fruitful and barren years with one another. You have given yourſelf to be ruled by Fortune; you muſt comply with the humours of your Miſtreſs. But do you endeavour to ſtop the progreſs of the rolling wheel? O thou moſt fooliſh of all mortals, if ſhe begins to be permanent, ſhe ceaſes to be Fortune!

METRE I.

When with imperious hand ſhe ſhifts the ſcene,
And like the ſwelling rapid tide moves on,
Wrathful ſhe cruſhes once tremendous Kings,
And

And changeful lifts the humble vanquiſh'd head:
She hears not the diſtreſs'd, nor minds their tears;
And laughs at groans which her caprice had rais'd.
Thus does ſhe ſport, thus does ſhe ſhow her power,
And makes her vot'ries ſtare, if any one
Is ſeen compos'd and happy for an hour.

PROSE II.

But I would argue a few things with you in the words of Fortune herſelf. Conſider then whether her demands are juſt. Why do you, O man, arraign me by daily complaints? What wrong have I done you? What goods of yours have I taken from you? Contend with me, before any judge, about the poſſeſſion of riches and honours; and, if you can make it appear that any of theſe things is the property of any mortal, I ſhall readily grant, that what you re-demand was your own. When Nature brought you from your mother's womb, helpleſs, and deſtitute of every thing, I took you up, cheriſhed you with my ſtores, and, being inclined to favour you, I brought you up with more than ordinary indulgence, and ſurrounded you with ſplendour, and affluence of all things which are

at

at my diſpoſal; which is the very thing that makes you now impatient of me. It is now my pleaſure to draw back my hand: Be thankful for having had the uſe of things not your own. You have no juſt ground of complaint, as if you had wholly loſt your own property. Why then do you groan? no violence has been offered you by me. Riches, honours, and other ſuch things are at my diſpoſal; my handmaids know their miſtreſs; they come with me, and go when I depart. I may boldly affirm, that, if the things which you complain of as loſt had been your own, you could by no means have loſt them. Am I alone prohibited to uſe my own right? The ſky is allowed to bring clear days, and to hide the ſame in dark nights: The year is allowed, one while to adorn the face of the earth with flowers and fruits, another while to deform it with ſtorms and cold: The ſea is permitted, one while to flatter with a ſmooth ſurface, another while to be rough with tempeſtuous waves: Shall the inſatiable deſires of men bind me to conſtancy, which is foreign to my manners? This is my power, this game I play continually: I turn the wheel with voluble orb; I take pleaſure in changing the loweſt to the higheſt, and

the

the higheſt to the loweſt: Aſcend, if you pleaſe, but on this condition, that you think it no injuſtice to you to deſcend, when the nature of my ſport requires it. Were you ignorant of my ways? Did you not know, that Croeſus King of the Lydians, formidable to Cyrus a little before, was ſoon after given up, a wretched ſpectacle, to the flames of a funeral pile, but ſaved by a ſhower ſent down from heaven? Have you not heard that Paulus humanely ſhed tears for the calamities of Perſeus, whom he had taken priſoner? What elſe do the exclamations of tragedy lament, but Fortune overturning happy kingdoms by an undiſtinguiſhing ſtroke? Did not you learn in your youth, that "two "caſks, the one of evil, the other of good "things, lie at the gate of Jupiter?" What if you have ſhared more liberally of the good things? What if I have not quite forſaken you? What if this very mutability of mine affords you juſt ground to hope for better things? However, do not pine away with ſorrow of heart, or expect to live at your own diſpoſal, while you are placed within the kingdom common to all.

METRE

METRE II.

If, in ſuch numbers as the ſea, impell'd
By boiſt'rous blaſts, turns up the yellow ſands,
Or as the ſtars appear in nights ſerene
Twinkling with bright effulgence thro' the ſky,
Plenty from her full horn ſhould pour her ſtores
In rich profuſion, nor draw back her hand;
Yet ſtill the human race would not forbear
To mourn their wretched fate with ſad complaint.
Tho' God ſhould graciouſly accept their pray'rs,
And give them golden ſtore with lib'ral hand,
And with diſtinguiſh'd honours crown their wealth;
Their former acquiſitions nothing ſeem;
But fell rapacity, devouring all
Its plunder, ſtill expands its deep'ning jaws.
What curb can now within determin'd bounds
Confine their headlong impotent deſire?
When rather, by the lib'ral gifts of heav'n,
Their boundleſs thirſt for riches is inflam'd.
The trembling wretch can ne'er be judged rich,
Who ſtill repines, and thinks that he is poor.

PROSE

PROSE III.

If Fortune, therefore, in her own defence, ſhould talk with you in theſe words, ſurely you could have nothing to object againſt them: But, if there be any thing by which you can juſtly ſupport your complaint, it is proper you ſhould produce it; I ſhall give you room to ſpeak. Then, I ſaid, theſe things are ſpecious, and bedawbed with the honey of rhetorical and muſical ſweetneſs; they pleaſe only during the time they are heard. But the miſerable have a deeper ſenſe of ſufferings; therefore, as ſoon as theſe words have ceaſed to ſound in my ears, the ſorrow that has taken poſſeſſion of my mind overwhelms me. It is ſo, ſays ſhe, for theſe things are not yet remedies for your diſeaſe, but certain ſoftening applications to allay your grief, which is ſtill ſtubborn againſt a cure; for I will apply ſuch remedies as may penetrate, when it ſhall be ſeaſonable: But yet, do not deſire to have it thought that you are miſerable; have you forgotten the number and meaſure of your happineſs? I do not ſay, that, when you were firſt deſtitute of a parent, the care of the greateſt men was employed for you, and, being choſen into

into affinity with the principal men of the ſtate, you began to be beloved before you was allied, which is the moſt valuable kind of relation: Who did not pronounce you moſt happy in a father and mother-in-law, of ſuch diſtinguiſhed honour and ſplendour, in a wife of ſuch virtue and modeſty, and alſo in being bleſſed with male iſſue? I paſs by (for I chooſe to paſs by things that are common) the poſts of honour obtained by you in youth, which had been denied to men advanced in age: I come with pleaſure to the ſingular completion of your happineſs: If any enjoyment of earthly things has any weight of happineſs, can the remembrance of that day be effaced by any load of preſſing evils? when you ſaw your two ſons Conſuls together conducted from your houſe with a numerous attendance of the Senators, amidſt the joyful acclamations of the people; when, with them ſitting on ivory thrones, you, the orator of royal praiſe, merited the glory of genius and eloquence; when, in the circus, taking your place between the two Conſuls, you gratified the expectation of the ſurrounding multitude by a triumphal largeſs. You have, as I ſuppoſe, impoſed upon Fortune, while ſhe fawns upon you, while ſhe cheriſhes

you

you as her darling; you obtained of her a gift which ſhe had never granted to any private perſon: Will you then balance accounts with Fortune? ſhe now, for the firſt time, looks upon you with an unfavourable eye. If you conſider the number and meaſure of your joyful and afflicting circumſtances, you cannot deny that you are ſtill happy: But, if you think not yourſelf to be fortunate, for this reaſon, becauſe the circumſtances which then ſeemed joyful have diſappeared, you have no reaſon to think yourſelf miſerable, ſince thoſe which are now believed to be mournful are paſſing away: Are you come upon this ſtage of life now for the firſt time, on a ſudden, and a ſtranger? Do you think there is any conſtancy in human things, when the ſwift hour often brings a man himſelf to diſſolution? For, though the permanence of caſual things is ſeldom to be depended upon, yet the laſt day of life is, as it were, the death of Fortune, even while ſhe remains: What matter then do you think it is, whether you leave her by dying, or ſhe forſakes you by flying?

METRE III.

When Phoebus, in his roſy chariot drawn,
Begins to ſcatter light upon the ſky,
The blunted ſtars, their whit'ning aſpect dim'd,
Look ſickly by his overpow'ring flames,
When by the warming Zephyr's breath the grove
With vernal roſes reddens, and looks gay,
If cloudy Auſter blow with mad'ning rage,
The roſes vaniſh from the prickly buſh.
Oft-times the ſmooth unruffled ſea reflects
A radiance from its ſurface calm and clear:
Oft-times the north wind raiſes furious ſtorms,
The wat'ry plain with ſurges overturn'd.
If ſeldom its own form the world retains,
If it ſuch various changes undergoes,
Then truſt the fading fortunes of mankind,
Then truſt to goods that quickly fly away;
'Tis ſure, and fixt by an eternal law,
That nothing earthly can be ever ſure.

PROSE IV.

Then, ſaid I, You ſay true, O nurſe of all virtues; nor can I deny the rapid courſe of my pro-

proſperity: But this is the thing which gives me moſt uneaſineſs upon reflection. For, in every adverſe turn of fortune, the moſt unhappy kind of misfortune is, to have been happy. But, ſays ſhe, you cannot juſtly impute to things themſelves the pain which you ſuffer from a falſe opinion of them. For, if this empty name of caſual felicity affects you, you may compute with me, how very many and great things you have in abundance. If, then, the moſt valuable thing within the whole domain of Fortune which you poſſeſſed is ſtill preſerved for you by the Divine Providence, unhurt and unimpaired, can you juſtly complain of misfortune, while you retain the beſt things that Fortune can beſtow? Now, that moſt valuable ornament of mankind, Symmachus, your father-in-law, is alive and in health; and (what you might not be averſe to purchaſe, even at the expence of life,) that man, wholly made up of wiſdom and virtues, regardleſs of his own grievances, is deeply concerned for your's. Your wife lives, modeſt in diſpoſition, excelling in the honour of chaſtity; and, to ſum up all her good qualities in few words, like her father. She lives, I ſay, and, weary of this life, ſhe lives only for you.

She

She pines away in tears and ſorrow, from a longing deſire for you; in which reſpect alone, even I myſelf will readily grant, that your happineſs is leſſened. Why ſhould I ſpeak of your ſons advanced to the dignity of Conſuls, in whom a reſemblance of their father's and grandfather's genius already ſhines, as much as can be expected in youths of their age? Now, ſince the chief care of mortals is that of preſerving life, how happy are you, if you know your own bleſſings, who enjoy even now thoſe things which no body doubts to be dearer than life! Wherefore dry up your tears now; for Fortune is not yet out of humour with you all; nor has too powerful a ſtorm fallen upon you, ſince your anchors continue firm, which neither permit you to be comfortleſs for the preſent, nor hopeleſs for the time to come. And I pray they may continue, ſay I; for, while they remain, however matters may be, I ſhall eſcape ſhipwreck. But you ſee how much my honours are impaired. Then, ſhe ſays, We have made ſome progreſs, if you are not diſſatisfied with the whole of your lot. But I cannot bear your delicacy, in complaining that ſomething is wanting to your happineſs, when you are ſo mournful and uneaſy.

uneaſy. For who is ſo happy, as not to be diſpleaſed with the nature of his ſituation in ſome reſpect? For the condition of human goods is attended with much anxiety, and is ſuch, as either never wholly turns out to men's wiſhes, or never abides uninterrupted. One man has a great eſtate, but his ignoble blood makes him aſhamed. Nobility makes another known; but, being ſtraitened by the narrowneſs of his fortune, he had rather be unknown. Another, eminent for both, laments his ſingle life. Another, happy in marriage, but deſtitute of children, increaſes his eſtate for an heir not his own. Another, bleſſed with children, with ſorrow weeps over the miſcarriages of a ſon, or of a daughter. Therefore, hardly any man is ſatisfied with the condition of his fortune. For there is, in every condition, ſomething, which the unexperienced may be ignorant of, and the experienced may dread. Add to this, that the feelings of the happieſt man are the moſt delicate; and, unleſs all things ſucceed to his pleaſure, being unaccuſtomed to all adverſity, he is quite unhinged by every the ſmalleſt accident: So very inconſiderable are the things which diminiſh the ſum of happineſs to the greateſt favourites

vourites of Fortune. How many, do you imagine, there are, who would think themſelves ſupremely bleſt, if the leaſt part of the remains of your fortune might fall to their ſhare? This very place, which you call exile, is to the inhabitants their native country. So true it is, that nothing is afflictive, but when you think it ſo; and, on the contrary, every lot is happy to him who bears it with patience. What man is there, who is ſo happy, that when he has given way to impatience, would not wiſh to change his condition? With how many bitter ingredients is the ſweetneſs of human happineſs mingled! which, although it may ſeem agreeable to him who enjoys it, yet cannot be with-held from going away at pleaſure. It appears, then, how poor the happineſs of earthly things is, which neither continues conſtant to thoſe who are content with it, nor wholly pleaſes thoſe who are uneaſy. Why, then, O mortals, do ye ſeek without you the happineſs which lieth within you? Error and Ignorance perplexes you. I will briefly ſhew you the hinge of ſupreme felicity. Is there any thing more precious to you than yourſelf? Nothing, you will ſay. Then, if you are maſter of yourſelf, you will poſſeſs that, which you would

would not incline at any time to loſe, and which Fortune cannot take from you. And, that you may know that happineſs cannot conſiſt in theſe fortuitous things, reaſon thus: If happineſs is the chief good of a rational nature, and if that is not the chief good which can by any means be taken away, ſince that excels it which cannot be taken away, it is evident that the inſtability of Fortune cannot aſpire to the enjoyment of happineſs. Beſides, he who depends upon that fading felicity, either knows, or knows not, that it is changeable. If he knows it not, what happy lot can there be in the blindneſs of ignorance? If he knows it, he muſt of neceſſity fear, leſt he loſe that which he has no doubt may be loſt; wherefore continual fear ſuffers him not to be happy. Does he think, if he loſe it, that he ought to be indifferent? In that caſe, alſo, it is a very ſmall good, the loſs of which can be borne with indifference. And, ſince you are the ſame perſon who, I know, was firmly perſuaded and convinced, by many proofs, that the ſouls of men by no means are mortal; and, ſince it is clear that the caſual felicity of the body is ended by death, it cannot be doubted but that whatever is mortal falls to ruin at the period of death. But, ſince we know that many have

ſought

ſought the enjoyment of happineſs, not only by death, but even by pains and tortures, how can the preſent life make men happy, which, when ended, does not make them miſerable?

METRE IV.

Whoe'er would wiſely build a laſting ſeat,
And ſtedfaſtly ſecure it from the blaſts
Of roaring eaſt-wind, and deſpiſe the ſea,
Threat'ning to overwhelm it with proud waves;
Let him reject the lofty mountain's top,
And with like care avoid the ſinking ſand:
The former the rude ſouth-wind beats upon
With all his force; the latter looſely yields,
And cannot well ſupport th' impending weight.
Avoid the dangerous ſtation of a ſeat
which only can delight the eye: Be ſure
To build your houſe upon the humble rock.
Although the wind ſhould rore with thund'ring noiſe,
And ſtrew the ſurface of the ſea with wreck;
You, ſafely lodg'd in ſtrong and peaceful walls,
In happineſs ſhall lead a life ſerene,
And ſmile to hear the roaring of the ſky.

PROSE

PROSE V.

But, ſince the mollifying applications of my reaſons now ſink into your mind, I think I ſhould uſe ſuch as are a little more powerful; for, ſay now, though the gifts of Fortune were not fading and momentary, what is there in them that can ever become your's, or would not, upon being cloſely viewed and conſidered, appear worthleſs? Are riches valuable, either in their own nature, or with reſpect to your's? What ſort of them chiefly? Gold, or abundance of money laid up in ſtore? But money is more uſeful, and makes a better appearance, by being expended than hoarded up; for avarice always makes men odious, but liberality makes them reſpectable. But, if that cannot remain with any one which is transferred to another, is money, then, of great value, when, being transferred to others for the purpoſe of liberality, it ceaſes to be poſſeſſed? But, if all the money in the world were to be beſtowed upon one, this would render others deſtitute of it. A voice, indeed, fills the ears of many all at once; but your wealth cannot come into the poſſeſſion of many, unleſs it be broken into ſmall parts; and,

when this is done, ſuch wealth muſt make thoſe poor whom it leaves. O how ſcanty and poor, then, are thoſe riches, which many cannot have wholly, and which do not come to any one, without the poverty of others! Does the brightneſs of jewels attract your eyes? But, if there is any thing notable in this luſtre, it is the light of jewels, not of men: And I wonder mightily that men ſhould admire theſe: For what is there, without vital motion, and a fit compoſition of limbs, that can juſtly appear beautiful to a living and reaſonable nature? which things, although they are the works of the Creator, and, from their variety, derive ſomething of inferior beauty, yet, being placed below your excellence, can by no means deſerve your admiration. Or, does the beauty of fields delight you? Why not? For a portion of a moſt beautiful work is beautiful. Thus, we admire the ſky, the ſtars, the ſun and moon. Does any of theſe things belong to you? Dare you glory in the ſplendour of any ſuch things? Are you beautified by the flowers of ſpring? Or, does your plenty ſwell into the fruits of ſummer? Why are you raviſhed with empty joys? Why do you embrace external things, as if they were your own?

own? Fortune will never make thoſe things to be your's which Nature hath made foreign to you. Indeed, the fruits of the earth are undoubtedly deſtined for the food of animals. But, if you would ſupply want, ſo far as is ſufficient for nature, you need not ſeek for affluence of fortune; for nature is ſatisfied with few and very ſmall things: And, if you incline to cloy nature by ſuperfluities, ſuch exceſs will become either diſagreeable or hurtful. But now you think it a fine thing to ſhine in variety of gay clothing: If the appearance of this is agreeable to behold, I ſhall admire either the nature of the materials, or the ſkill of the artiſt. But, does a long train of ſervants make a man happy? If theſe are vicious in their morals, they are a pernicious burden to a family, and very dangerous enemies to their maſter; but, if they are virtuous, in what reſpect can the virtue of others be reckoned a part of your riches? From all which it plainly appears, that none of thoſe things, which you compute among your goods, is really your own good. And, if there is no deſireable excellence in theſe things, why ſhould you be either grieved for the loſs of them, or overjoyed in the poſſeſſion of them? But, if

they

they are beautiful in their own nature, what does that concern you? For they would have been pleaſing of themſelves, though quite ſeparated from your poſſeſſions. For they are not therefore valuable, becauſe they are come to you as a part of your riches; but, becauſe they ſeemed valuable, you choſe to reckon them in the account of your riches. But what do you men deſire with ſuch a buſtle of fortune? Ye ſeek, I ſuppoſe, to drive away want by plenty. But this turns out to you quite the reverſe; for there is need of many props to ſupport a variety of coſtly furniture: And it is a true ſaying, That they who poſſeſs many things, want many things; and they, on the other hand, want very little, who meaſure their abundance by the neceſſity of nature, and not by the ſuperfluity of ambition. But is it ſo, that you have no proper and internal good, that you ſeek your goods in external and ſeparate things? Is the condition of things ſo changed, that a creature, divine by the gift of reaſon, ſeems to himſelf no otherwiſe conſpicuous, than by the poſſeſſion of inanimate furniture? Other things indeed are content with their own, but you, who are godlike by your mental powers, ſeek additional ornaments

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for an excellent nature from the meaneſt things? You are not ſenſible how great injuſtice you do to your Creator. He ordained mankind to excel all earthly things; you depreſs your dignity below the meaneſt things. For, if it is agreed, that every good of any thing is more valuable than that of which it is the good; when ye judge the moſt worthleſs things to be your goods, you degrade yourſelves below them in your own eſtimation; which indeed falls out not undeſervedly: For, ſuch is the condition of human nature, that it excels other things then only when it knows itſelf; but is reduced below the beaſts when it ceaſeth to know itſelf. For it is natural for other animals to be ignorant of themſelves; but, for men to be ſo, is highly blameable. Now, how groſs is this error of your's, who think that any thing can be adorned with the ornaments of others, ſince that is impoſſible? For, if any of thoſe adventitious things makes a ſhining appearance, thoſe things which are adventitious are commended; but that which is covered and veiled with them remains nevertheleſs in its own vileneſs. But I deny that to be good which is hurtful to him who has it. Am I miſtaken in that? Not at all, you will ſay. Now, riches have been very often

often hurtful to those who possessed them; since every one who is most worthless, and therefore most covetous of what belongs to others, thinks himself alone the most worthy to have all the gold and jewels that are any where to be met with. If you then, who now with great solicitude dread the dragging hook and the sword, had entered upon the path of this life like the traveller who has nothing to lose, you might sing in the presence of a robber. O rare happiness of earthly riches, which, when you have obtained, you cease to be secure!

METRE V.

Supremely happy that first age of men,
Content with what the faithful fields produc'd;
Nor by inactive luxury debauch'd,
Were wont to break their long continued fast
With mast of oak, easy to be obtain'd;
Nor know with liquid honey to allay
The gifts of Bacchus, nor with Tyrian dye
To stain the fair and glossy silken stuffs.
The grassy bed afforded wholesome sleep;
The purling stream did drink to them supply;
The lofty pine did shade them from the heat.
No sailor yet did plow the briny deep,

Or

Or viſit foreign ſhores with merchandiſe
Collected carefully from ev'ry clime.
The awful trumpets then remain'd in peace;
Nor yet had blood, by cruel hatred ſhed,
Diſtain'd the horrid inſtruments of war.
For how could fury prompt the human mind
Firſt to attack ev'n foes with hoſtile arms,
When men could nothing ſee but cruel wounds,
And no advantage from the blood they ſhed?
O that the ancient manners would return,
To bleſs our ſad diſtracted times with peace!
But now the ardent love of hoarding wealth,
Flames out with fiercer rage than Ætna's fires.
Ah! who was he, who firſt dug up the maſs
Of gold, and gems that wiſh'd to lie conceal'd?
Say, who theſe precious dangers firſt diſclos'd?

PROSE. VI.

But why ſhould I ſpeak of poſts of honour and power, which ye, ignorant of true honour and power, extol to the ſkies? If thoſe fall to the ſhare of men of the worſt characters, what conflagrations from the burſting flames of Ætna, what deluge can occaſion ſuch deſolation? Surely, as I ſuppoſe, you know from hiſtory, the

conſular

conſular power, which had been the beginning of liberty, was, for the pride of the Conſuls, aboliſhed with eagerneſs by your ancient countrymen, who, for the ſame pride, had before baniſhed the name of King from the ſtate. But if, at any time, which is very ſeldom the caſe, honours are conferred on virtuous men, what elſe is pleaſing in theſe honours, but the virtue of thoſe who poſſeſs them? So it comes to paſs, that honour doth not accrue to virtues from dignity, but to dignities from virtue. But what is that deſireable and glorious power of your's? Do ye not conſider, O earthly creatures! whom ye ſeem to preſide over? For if among mice you ſhould ſee ſome one claiming authority and power to himſelf above others, how would you be provoked to laughter? But what can you find weaker than man, if you regard his body, ſince even the biting of theſe diminutive creatures, or the entrance of reptiles into the paſſages of the body, often proves the occaſion of his death? But in what reſpect can any one exerciſe any power over another, unleſs over his body only, and what is inferior to his body, I mean his fortune? Will you ever have dominion over the ſpirit of a man, which is free? Will you move

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the mind, ſteadily fixed by ſolid reaſon, from the ſtate of its proper tranquillity? When a tyrant thought to force a free man, by torture, to diſcover the accomplices in a conſpiracy formed againſt the former, the latter bit off his tongue, and threw it into the face of the ſtorming tyrant; thus the wiſe man made thoſe tortures an occaſion of fortitude, which the tyrant intended as matter of cruelty. But what is it that any one can do to another, which he himſelf may not poſſibly ſuffer from another? We are told that Buſirjs, who uſed to put his gueſts to death, was ſlain by his gueſt Hercules. Regulus had clapt in chains many of the Carthaginians whom he had taken in war: But ſoon after he himſelf yielded his hands to the chains of the conquerors. Do you then think the power of that man to be any thing at all, who cannot prevent another from having the ſame power over him which he has over another? Beſides, if there was any natural and proper good in poſts of honour and power, they would never come into the poſſeſſion of the worſt of men; for things oppoſite do not uſe to be aſſociated. Nature forbids that any contraries be joined: So, ſince there is no doubt that the worſt of men com-

monly bear high offices, it is alſo plain, that thoſe things are not good by nature which admit of being annexed to the worſt. And this opinion may be juſtly entertained of all the gifts of Fortune, which flow more copiouſly upon the moſt abandoned: Concerning which I think this alſo ſhould be conſidered, that no body doubts him to be ſtrong, in whom he ſees ſtrength exert itſelf; and in whomſoever ſwiftneſs appears, it is evident that he is ſwift. So muſic makes muſicians, phyſic phyſicians, and rhetoric rhetoricians: For the nature of every thing acts what is proper to it, and is not blended with the effects of contrary things, but of its own accord repels its oppoſits. But neither can riches extinguiſh inſatiable avarice, nor can power make a man maſter of himſelf, whom vitious luſts hold faſt bound in chains inextricable: And dignity conferred upon bad men not only doth not make them worthy, but rather diſcovers; and ſhews them to be unworthy. Why happens it thus? Ye love to give falſe appellations to things, which do not deſerve the names ye give them, which are eaſily diſproved by the effect of the things themſelves; for neither can thoſe be juſtly called riches, nor that power,

nor

nor this dignity. In fine, we may conclude the ſame of the whole of Fortune, in which it is manifeſt there is nothing deſireable, nothing of native goodneſs, ſince ſhe neither always joins herſelf to the good, nor makes thoſe good to whom ſhe is joined.

METRE VI.

We know what mighty ruins he produc'd,
Who fir'd the city, flew the Senators,
Murder'd his brother, ſhed his mother's blood;
And, viewing her cold corpſe with wand'ring eyes,
Bath'd not his face in tears, but did preſume
To criticiſe her beauty, now extinct.
Yet he with ſcepter'd ſway the people rul'd,
Whom Phœbus views from the remoteſt eaſt,
To where he hides his beams beneath the waves;
Whom the cold northern Stars with froſt oppreſs;
Whom Auſter ſcorches with a vi'lent heat,
Parching with ſultry breath the burning ſands.
Could ſov'reign pow'r at length prevail to change
The mad'ning rage of Nero's ſavage mind?
Ah! cruel Fortune, when the ſword of pow'r
Is guided by a fierce envenom'd heart!

PROSE

PROSE VII.

Then, I ſaid, you know that the ambition of earthly things had very little influence on me; but I wiſhed for matter for the management of public affairs, that virtue might not languiſh in ſilence. She replied: Truly this is one thing, which may allure minds excellent indeed by nature, but not yet brought to the laſt poliſh by the perfection of virtues, namely, the deſire of glory, and the reputation of the beſt ſervices to the ſtate: But how ſmall, and void of all weight this is, conſider thus: It is agreed, as you have learned from the demonſtrations of aſtronomers, that the whole compaſs of the earth bears the proportion only of a point to the ſpace of the heavenly regions; that is, if it be compared to the extent of the celeſtial ſphere, it may be judged to have no magnitude at all: Now, of this ſo ſmall a ſpot in the world there is but about a fourth part, as you have learned from Ptolemy, which is inhabited by animals known to us. If, from this fourth part, you ſubtract, in your mind, the ſpace covered with ſeas and fens, and that vaſt region doomed to thirſt and drought, a very ſmall ſpot will be left for men to inhabit. Being therefore confined and incloſed within this very

very ſmall point, as it were, of a point, do you think of ſpreading your fame, of propagating a name? But what greatneſs and magnificence has glory in it, when confined within ſuch narrow and ſcanty bounds? Moreover, this ſame incloſure of ſo confined a reſidence, is inhabited by nations differing in language, manners, and whole way of life; to which nations, on account of the difficulty of travelling, diverſity of language, and unfrequency of commerce, not only the fame of particular men, but even that of cities, cannot come. Even in the age of Cicero, as he himſelf obſerves in a certain place, the fame of the Roman ſtate had not paſſed mount Caucaſus, though it was then at its height, and formidable to the Parthians, and other people of thoſe countries. Do you ſee then how narrow and limited a thing glory is, which you labour to propagate and enlarge? Shall the glory of a Roman man proceed where the fame of the Roman name cannot paſs? Nay, the manners and cuſtoms of different nations vary ſo much, that what among ſome is judged praiſe-worthy, is thought among others to be deſerving of puniſhment; hence it happens, that, if one is pleaſed with the publiſhing of his fame, it would by no means be for his advantage to extend his

name

name to many nations: Every one therefore will be content with that renown which is commonly known among his countrymen, and that celebrated immortality of fame will be confined within the bounds of one nation; But how many men, very famous in their own times, are quite forgotten for want of writers; though what do writings themſelves avail, which, with their authors, are buried in oblivion by diſtant and obſcure antiquity? But ye ſeem to prolong immortal honour to yourſelves, when ye think of fame in time to come: But, if you conſider ſeriouſly the endleſs duration of eternity, what little reaſon have you to rejoice in the long continuance of your renown? For the length of one moment, if compared to ten thouſand years, ſince each is a definite time, though it has very little, yet has ſome proportion; but this ſame number of years, or any mutiple of it, how great ſoever, cannot even be compared to an endleſs duration; for there may be ſome compariſon of finite things with one another, but of infinite and finite there never can be any: So it follows, that the fame of any time, however long, if weighed with inexhauſtible eternity, ſeems to be not only ſmall, but abſolutely nothing. But ye know

know not how to do well, but for popular applauſe and vain rumours; and, neglecting the excellence of virtue and a good conſcience, ye expect rewards from the tattle of others. Hear how wittily one may play upon the levity of ſuch arrogance; for, when one attacked with reproaches a man, who had falſely aſſumed the name of philoſopher, not for the purpoſe of true virtue, but for the pride of oſtentation, and added, that he ſhould ſoon know if he was a philoſopher if he bore with meekneſs and patience the ſevere treatment he had met with; he affected patience for a little, and having received the affront, ſays in an inſulting manner, Do you now at length underſtand that I am a philoſopher? Then the other ſays rather too ſharply, I ſhould have underſtood it if you had been ſilent. But what is there as to eminent men, (for of theſe we ſpeak), who purſue glory in the way of virtue, what is there, I ſay, that concerns them, with reſpect to fame, after the body is diſſolved by the period of death? For, if men die entirely, which our reaſons forbid to be believed, there is no glory at all, ſince he, to whom it is ſaid to belong, doth not exiſt at all. But if the ſoul, conſcious to itſelf of having acted a virtu-

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ous part, when releaſed from the priſon of earth, mounts up freely to heaven, will it not deſpiſe every earthly concern, and, enjoying heaven, rejoice that it is ſet at liberty from earthly things?

METRE VII.

Whoever values men's applauſe,
And ſeeks the fame with eager mind;
Let him the ſpacious ſky behold,
And earth to narrow bounds confin'd:
That this ſmall ſpace the moſt enlarged fame
Can never fill, he will reflect with ſhame.
Why do vain men from mortal yoke
Their necks to free deſire with joy?
Though fame, through diſtant nations ſpread,
The various tongues of men employ;
Though their illuſtrious houſe with titles blaze,
Death ſcorns the moſt exalted human praiſe.
The mean and mighty he cuts down,
And levels high with low eſtate.
Where does the juſt Fabricius lie?
What Brutus' and ſtern Cato's fate?
A thin memorial of ſurviving fame
With a few letters marks their empty name.

But

But is it giv'n the dead, to know
The honours we ſo much admire?
No; when your bodies are laid low,
Your fame will alſo ſoon expire.
Think not to live by virtue of a name;
A ſecond death awaits your very fame.

PROSE VIII.

But that you may not think that I wage irreconcileable war againſt Fortune, there are times when ſhe, tho' deceitful, deſerves ſomething well of men; namely, when ſhe ſhews herſelf, when ſhe uncovers her face, and makes open profeſſion of her manners. Perhaps you do not yet underſtand what I mean. What I would ſay may ſeem ſtrange; and therefore I can ſcarce explain my ſentiments in words: For I think that adverſity does more good to men than proſperity. The one is always falſe, when it ſeems flattering, under the appearance of happineſs; the other is always true, when it ſhews itſelf unſtable by changing. The one deceives, the other inſtructs. The one, making a falſe pretence of good things, captivates the minds of thoſe who enjoy it; the other ſets them at li-

berty by the knowledge of their frail happineſs. Therefore you may ſee the one variable, remiſs, and always ignorant of itſelf; the other ſtaid, active, and prudent, by the exerciſe of misfortune itſelf. Laſtly, Proſperity draws men away by its blandiſhments from the true good; Adverſity generally reclaims, and forcibly draws them back to what is truly good. Do you think it ought to be reckoned among the leaſt advantages, that this hard, this rigorous Fortune, has diſcovered to you the minds of your faithful friends? She has diſtinguiſhed for you the ſteady and doubtful faces of your companions. When ſhe departed, ſhe took her own with her, and left your's. At what price would you have purchaſed this, when you was in your former ſtate, and happy, as you thought? Ceaſe now to regret the wealth you have loſt; you have found friends, which is the moſt valuable kind of riches.

METRE VIII.

That by eſtabliſh'd harmony the world
Various concordant changes undergoes;
That jarring principles do ſtill maintain

A covenant perpetual; that the Sun
Brings, in his golden car, the roſy day;
That Phœbe in her turn may rule the nights,
Which Veſper at his riſing introduc'd;
That the inſatiate Sea may keep his waves
Within due bounds, nor on the earth encroach:
This order of the univerſe ſubſiſts
By Love, who rules the earth, the ſea, the ſky.
If he ſhould drop the reins, forthwith the bands
Of mutual amity would be unloos'd,
And war and diſcord ev'ry where prevail;
And what by ſocial faith doth now incite
To motions regularly beautiful,
By ſtrife would ſoon diſſolve the fair machine.
He alſo in inviolable league
Contains united people, and connects
By chaſte endearments wedlock's ſacred tie;
He alſo dictates laws to faithful friends.
O happy human kind, if that ſame Love,
Which rules the heav'nly regions, rule your hearts!

BOOK III.

PROSE I.

SHE had now finiſhed her ſong, when the ſoothing ſweetneſs of the muſic had fixed me in amazement, eager to hear with ears ſtill attentive. Therefore, a little after, I ſay, O thou the greateſt conſolation of weary ſouls, how great comfort and relief have you given me, both by weight of ſentiments, and pleaſantneſs of ſinging! So that hereafter I ſhall not think myſelf unequal to the ſtrokes of Fortune. Therefore, as to the remedies which you ſaid a little before were rather too ſharp, I not only do not dread them, but from an eager deſire of hearing, earneſtly ſolicit them. Then, ſhe ſays, I perceived it, when ſilent and attentive, you eagerly imbibed my words, and I expected this diſpoſition

diſpoſition of your mind, or rather, which is more true, I myſelf effected it: For the things which remain are ſuch, as are indeed tart, when firſt taſted, but, when received inwardly, become ſweat. But as to your ſaying that you are deſirous to hear, with what ardour would you be fired, if you knew to what I am endeavouring to bring you? To what? ſay I, to true happineſs, ſays ſhe, which even your own mind dreams of; but while your thoughts are taken up with imaginary ſcenes, you cannot diſcern happineſs itſelf. Then, I ſay, Do, I beſeech you, and without delay, ſhew me what true happineſs is. I will do it, ſays ſhe, for your ſake, with pleaſure: But, firſt, I will endeavour to point out, and inform you of ſomething on a topic which is better known to you; that, after this is done, when you turn your eyes to the oppoſite ſide, you may have a clear view of true happineſs.

METRE I.

He who would ſow the gen'rous ſeeds,
Muſt clear the ground from noxious weeds,
With ſcythe the briars and fern cut down,
That Ceres may his labour crown.

The

The ſweets of honey pleaſe us more,
When bitter things we taſte before.
The ſtars with brighter luſtre ſhine,
If wind and rain the ſky refine.
When Phoſphor drives dark ſhades away,
More fair appears the roſy day.
Juſt ſo do you, falſe goods who ſee,
Firſt from the yoke your neck ſet free;
And then with pleaſure you will find,
True goods will ſoon poſſeſs your mind.

PROSE II.

Then fixing her eyes for a while, and as it were collected within the retired ſeat of her mind, ſhe thus began: All the care of mortals, which the labour of manifold purſuits employs, proceeds indeed in a different path; but yet endeavours to arrive at one end, namely, that of happineſs. Now this is a good, which, when a man has obtained, he can deſire nothing farther; which indeed is the chief of all goods, and contains every good within itſelf; to which, if any thing were wanting, it could not be the chief good, ſince ſomething might be left beyond it, which might be wiſhed for. It is clear, then,

that

that happineſs is a ſtate perfect by an aſſemblage of all good things. This, as we have ſaid, all men endeavour to obtain by a different path: For the deſire of the true good is naturally implanted in the minds of men. But wandering error leads them aſtray in purſuit of falſe goods. Some thinking that to want nothing is the chief good, labour hard to acquire an affluence of riches; others judging that to be good, which is moſt worthy of veneration, ſtrive to obtain honours, in order to be revered by their countrymen. There are ſome who place the chief good in the higheſt power; theſe would either be Kings themſelves, or endeavour to be near the perſons of Kings. But they to whom renown appears to be ſomething that is beſt, are in haſte to propagate a glorious name by the arts of war or of peace. But many meaſure the enjoyment of good by mirth and jollity; theſe account it moſt happy to diſſolve in pleaſure. There are alſo ſome who exchange the ends and cauſes of theſe for one another; as they who deſire riches for power or pleaſure, or who ſeek power either for the ſake of money, or of extending their fame. In theſe then, and other ſuch things, is employed the intention of human

actions

actions and wiſhes, as nobility, and popular fa-
vour, which ſeem to procure a certain renown;
a wife and children, which are deſired for the
ſake of comfortableneſs: But that of friends,
which is the moſt inviolable kind of connection,
is eſtimated not by fortune, but by virtue. But
the reſt is choſen either for the ſake of power or
delight. Now it is obvious, that the goods of
the body may be referred to thoſe above men-
tioned: For robuſtneſs and bulkineſs of body
indicate ſtrength; beauty and agility attract
public notice, and health affords pleaſure; in
all which it is clear, that happineſs is deſired:
for that which any one purſues in preference to
other things, he judges to be the chief good.
But we have defined happineſs to be the chief
good; therefore every one judges that to be a
happy ſtate which he deſires above others. You
have then in general the form of human happi-
neſs ſet before your eyes; namely, riches, ho-
nours, power, glory, pleaſures: Which alone
Epicurus conſidering, he, conſiſtently with him-
ſelf, determined pleaſure to be the chief good,
becauſe all the reſt ſeem to give pleaſure to the
mind. But I return to the purſuits of men
whoſe mind, though by a faint ſort of remem-
brance

brance, yet recollects the chief good; but, like a drunk man, knows not by what path to return home. For do they ſeem to be in the wrong, who endeavour to want nothing? Nay, there is not any other thing that can equally effectuate happineſs, as a ſtate abounding in all good things, not needing what belongs to others, but ſufficient for itſelf. Are they miſtaken, who think that which is beſt alſo moſt worthy of a reverential reſpect? By no means: For it is not a thing mean and contemptible, which the intention of almoſt all men labours to obtain. Is not power to be reckoned among good things? Why not? Is that to be eſteemed weak and inconſiderable, which, it is agreed, is more excellent than all things? Is renown to be nothing accounted of? Nay, it cannot be doubted, but that every thing which is moſt excellent ſeems alſo to be moſt renowned. For what need have I to tell you, that happineſs is not uneaſy and ſad, nor ſubject to pains and troubles; ſince, even in the leaſt things, that is deſired, which one delights to have and to enjoy? Now theſe are the things which men wiſh to obtain, and therefore they deſire riches, honours, kingdoms, glory, and pleaſures; becauſe, by means of

theſe, they think that ſufficiency, reverence, power, fame, and joy, will accrue to them: That is therefore good, which men of ſuch different inclinations aim at; by which it evidently appears, how great the power of Nature is, ſince men's opinions, though various and diſſonant, yet agree in chooſing good as their principal end.

METRE II.

How pow'rful Nature plies the mighty reins
Of th' univerſe; by what eternal laws
Her providence preſerves the boundleſs world,
And binds its parts with undiſſolved tie;
Be this the ſubject of the tuneful lyre.
Though Libyan lions beauteous chains may wear,
And from their keeper's hands receive their food,
And dread the laſhes, which they uſe to bear;
If blood by chance hath ſtain'd their horrid mouth,
Their native temper long diſus'd returns,
And with loud roar they call themſelves to mind,
Releaſe their necks from the diſſolved chains;
And firſt their maſter, torn with cruel tooth,
With his own blood allays their mad'ning rage.

The

The warbling bird, that ſings on lofty boughs,
Shut up within the priſon of a cage,
Although with honey'd cups and lib'ral food
By men ſupply'd, who love the pleaſing taſk;
Yet if, eſcaping from her narrow houſe,
She ſee the grateful ſhadows of the groves;
She tramples under foot the ſcatter'd food,
And anxiouſly deſires the woods alone,
The woods ſhe warbles with melodious voice.

The branch, when bended with ſuperior force,
Bows down its yielding top toward the ground:
But if the bending hand let go its hold,
With top erect it looks toward the ſky.

Bright Phœbus falls into th' Heſperian waves;
But by a path unſeen again he turns
His glowing chariot to his wonted riſe.

All things their proper courſes ſtill obſerve,
And ev'ry thing delights in its return;
And nothing its appointed order keeps,
But what hath join'd its riſing to its end,
And made its deſtin'd circuit quite complete.

PROSE III.

Ye, likewiſe, O ſons of earth, though by a faint imagination, dream of your origin, and perceive

perceive the true end of happineſs, though not by a clear, yet by ſome ſort of idea; and therefore the intention of Nature leads you to the true good, while manifold error leads you away from the ſame. For, conſider whether men are able, by thoſe means by which they think to obtain happineſs, to reach the end they propoſe. For, if money, or honours, and the reſt, can beſtow any ſuch thing as that, to which no good things ſeems to be wanting, I ſhall confeſs that ſome men are rendered happy by the attainment of theſe: But, if theſe cannot perform what they promiſe, and want many good things; Is not a falſe appearance of happineſs evidently found in them? Firſt, then, I aſk yourſelf, who a little before this abounded in riches, Amidſt that affluence of wealth, did never uneaſineſs, felt from ſome injury, diſturb your mind: Truly, ſay I, I cannot remember that I ever enjoyed ſuch freedom of mind, but that ſomething always troubled me. Was it not, that either ſomething was abſent, which you wiſhed not to be abſent; or preſent, which you wiſhed not to be preſent? It is ſo, ſay I. You therefore deſired the preſence of the one, and the abſence of the other. I confeſs it, ſay I. But, ſays ſhe, Does every one want

want that which he deſireth? He does want it, ſay I. But is he who wants any thing every way ſufficient for himſelf? Not at all, ſay I. Did you then, ſays ſhe, ſuffer this inſufficiency while you abounded in riches? What elſe, ſay I? Riches, then, cannot make a man to want nothing, and to be ſufficient for himſelf: And yet this was what they ſeemed to promiſe. But I think this alſo ſhould be eſpecially conſidered, that money has nothing in its own nature to prevent it from being taken from thoſe by whom it is poſſeſſed, againſt their wills. I confeſs it, ſay I. Why ſhould you not confeſs it, when every day ſome one more powerful takes it from a man againſt his will? For whence come the complaints before the courts of juſtice, but from this, that money taken from men againſt their wills, either by force or fraud, is demanded to be reſtored? So it is, ſay I. Therefore, ſays ſhe, one will need aſſiſtance, derived from without, that he may ſecure his money. Who can deny that, ſay I? But he would not need that, unleſs he poſſeſſed money, which he may loſe. It cannot be doubted, ſay I. Then the matter is turned out the reverſe: For riches, which were thought to make men ſufficient for themſelves,

ſelves, rather make them ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance of others. But what are the means by which want may be removed from riches? For, cannot rich men be hungry? Can they not be thirſty? Can the limbs of monied men not feel the cold of winter? But, you will ſay, rich men are provided with the means of ſatisfying hunger, of removing thirſt and cold. But in this manner want may be alleviated by riches, but cannot be wholly removed. For, if this want, always craving and demanding ſomething, is gratified by riches, that which requires to be gratified muſt remain: Not to ſay, that very little is ſufficient for nature, but nothing for avarice. Wherefore, if riches are ſo far from removing want, that they create wants of their own, what reaſon is there to believe that they can give ſufficiency!

METRE III.

Although the miſer, rich in flowing ſtreams
Of gold, amaſs unſatisfying ſtores;
With pearls imported from the red ſea ſhore
Adorn his neck; and tear the fertile ſoil
Turn'd up with hundred yokes of ſturdy ſteers:

Yet

Yet gnawing care conſumes him, while he lives;
And his vain wealth forſakes him when he dies.

PROSE IV.

But, you will ſay, dignities render the man on whom they are conferred honourable and reſpectable. Is there ſuch power in offices of magiſtracy, that they can implant virtues in the minds of thoſe that bear them, and free them from vices? Indeed they are wont not to remove naughtineſs, but rather to render it more conſpicuous; whence we are moved with indignation that thoſe dignities often fall to the ſhare of the moſt worthleſs men: For which reaſon Catullus calls Nonius a wen, though ſeated in the chair of ſtate. Do you ſee how much diſgrace dignities bring upon bad men? But their unworthineſs will leſs appear if they are diſtinguiſhed by no honours. Could you now be induced, by ſo many dangers, to think of bearing the office of a magiſtrate in conjunction with Decoratus, when you perceived in him the mind of a moſt worthleſs buffoon and informer? For we cannot judge thoſe worthy of reſpect, on account of honours, whom we judge unworthy of

thoſe

thoſe honours. But, if you ſaw a man endowed with wiſdom, could you think him not worthy of reſpect, or of that wiſdom with which he is endowed? By no means. For there is in virtue a peculiar dignity, which it immediately transfuſes into thoſe to whom it is a joined. Now, ſince honours cannot make men popular, it is plain they have not the proper beauty of dignity. In which reſpect this is more eſpecially to be conſidered: For, if every one is ſo much the more abject, by how much the more he is deſpiſed by many; ſince dignity cannot make men reſpectable, whom it points out as deſpicable to many, it rather makes them infamous; but not without retaliation; for infamous men make a like return to dignities, which they ſtain by their contagion. And, that you may know aſſuredly, that the true reverence cannot be attained by thoſe ſhadowy dignities, infer thus, If any one who has borne ſeveral conſulſhips ſhould chance to come among barbarous nations, will that honour make him venerable among the barbarians? Yet, if this was the natural gift of dignities, they could by no means ceaſe from producing their proper effect in any nation, as fire, in every part of the earth

earth, never fails to be warm. But, ſince it is not their own inherent virtue, but the falſe opinion of men, which annexes that quality to them, they vaniſh immediately, when men come among thoſe who do not eſteem them to be dignities. Now, this is the caſe among foreign nations. But, do they continue conſtantly among thoſe, among whom they had their riſe? Surely not. The office of Praefect, very conſiderable of old, is now an empty name, and a heavy burden to the Senatorian rank. If one in former times had been careful to ſupply the people with corn, he was accounted a great man. At preſent, what is more contemptible than that charge? For, as I ſaid a little before, that which has nothing of inherent honour, one while receives, another while loſes ſplendour, according to the character of thoſe who poſſeſs it. If, therefore, dignities cannot make men reſpectable, if they are rather polluted by the contagion of unworthy men, if they ceaſe to ſhine by a change of times, if they become vile in the eſteem of nations, what deſirable excellence can they have in themſelves, much leſs confer upon others?

METRE IV.

Although in Tyrian purple gay
Proud Nero did himſelf array,
And though with ſnow white pearls he ſhin'd,
Yet all deſpis'd his abject mind:
His boundleſs luxury diſtain'd
Th' imperial honours he obtain'd.
Yet from this worthleſs Prince, of old,
Rome's worthy Senators did hold
State-honours; and in ſeats were plac'd,
Which by the giver were diſgrac'd.
What happineſs can therefore flow
From poſts, which wretches can beſtow?

PROSE V.

But, can kingdoms, and the familiarity of kings, make a man powerful? Why not, if their happineſs continues conſtantly? But antiquity, and alſo the preſent age, is full of examples of kings who have exchanged happineſs for calamity. O fine power, which is found not effectual enough for the preſervation of itſelf! For, if this power of kingdoms is the original cauſe

of

of happineſs, if this ſhould fail in any part, would it not leſſen happineſs, and occaſion miſery? But, however widely human empires may be extended, many nations muſt neceſſarily be left, over which every one of the kings cannot have dominion. But, where power that maketh men happy terminates, there weakneſs ſlips in, which makes them miſerable: At this rate, therefore, kings muſt have a greater portion of miſery. The tyrant, who had experienced the dangers of his condition, repreſented the fears of a kingdom, by the terror of a ſword hanging over one's head. What is this power, then, which cannot remove the gnawings of cares, which cannot avoid the ſtings of fears? Indeed, they would wiſh to live ſecure, but they cannot. After this, let them boaſt of their power. Do you think a man powerful, whom you ſee deſirous of what he is not able to effect? Do you think him powerful, who ſurrounds himſelf with guards; who is more afraid of thoſe whom he terrifies, than they are of him; whoſe imaginary power depends upon his ſervants? Why ſhould I ſpeak of the friends of kings, when I ſhew that kingdoms themſelves are full of ſo much weakneſs? Theſe friends are often overthrown,

thrown, while the kingly power remains, and often when it falls. Nero forced Seneca, his familiar friend and preceptor, to chooſe the manner of his death. Antoninus expoſed Papinianus, who had long made a figure among his courtiers, to the ſwords of his ſoldiers. Indeed, both theſe ſufferers would gladly have renounced their power: Of whom Seneca endeavoured to give up his fortune to Nero, and retire to a private life. But, while their own weight bears down thoſe who are ready to fall, neither of them could effect what he deſired. What, then, is that power, which they who have it dread to retain; which, when one deſires to hold, he cannot be ſafe; and, when he would gladly lay it down, he cannot get rid of it? Are thoſe friends any ſecurity, whom not merit, but fortune, make ſuch? But misfortune will make him an enemy, whom good fortune made a friend. And what plague is more powerful to do hurt than an intimate enemy?

METRE V.

He who to power would lay claim,
Muſt ev'ry ſtormy paſſion tame,

Nor

Nor yield his neck by luſt enthrall'd,
With ſhameful collars to be gall'd;
For, though the diſtant Indian land
Should tremble at thy dread command,
And the remoteſt Thulé be
Subjected to thy ſtern decree;
Yet, if unable to expel
The gloomy cares that in you dwell,
Or eaſe the woes that you befal,
'Tis plain you have no pow'r at all.

PROSE VI.

But, as to glory, how deceitful, how baſe, is it often found to be! Whence the Tragic Poet cries out, not without reaſon,

" O glory, glory, many worthleſs men
" Haſt thou advanc'd to eminence in life!"

For many have gained a great name by the falſe opinions of the vulgar; than which, what can be imagined more baſe? For they who are celebrated falſely, muſt bluſh at their own praiſes. And, though praiſes are obtained even by meritorious actions, yet what can they add to a wiſe man's

man's own knowledge, who meaſures his goodneſs, not by the rumours of the people, but by the true report of his own conſcience? But, if it be thought a glorious thing to have propagated a name, conſequently it may be judged ignominious not to have extended one's renown. But ſeeing, as I obſerved a little before, there muſt be many nations to which the fame of one man cannot come, it may happen, that he whom you eſteem glorious, may in the next part of the world be thought inglorious. But, in the mean time, I think popular glory not ſo much as worth mentioning, which neither proceeds from judgment, nor continues firm. And now, who does not ſee how empty, how futile a thing, the name of nobility is, which, if it is referred to renown, belongs to others? For nobility ſeems to be a certain praiſe derived from the meritorious deeds of anceſtors. Now, if praiſe makes renown, they muſt be renowned who are praiſed. Wherefore, the renown of others doth not make you illuſtrious, if you have none of your own. But, if there be any thing good in nobility, I think it is only this, that a neceſſity ſeems to be laid upon noblemen not to degenerate from the virtue of their anceſtors.

METRE

METRE VI.

All human kind upon the earth
  Did from like ſource ariſe;
One Father gave to all their birth,
  And he all things ſupplies.

The Sun with radiance he did crown,
  The Moon with light ſupply;
He placed Men upon the earth,
  And Stars in Heaven high.

He heav'n deſcended Souls of men
  To bodies did confine;
All human kind are then produc'd
  From origin divine.

Why talk of birth and anceſtors?
  Or why ſuch buſtle make?
If your original you view,
  Whence you did Being take.

If God the Author you regard,
  None is degen'rate born,
Unleſs he quit his native rank,
  And ſink in vice forlorn.

PROSE

PROSE VII.

But why ſhould I ſpeak of the pleaſures of the body, the deſire of which is full of anxiety, and their gratification of repentance? What grievous diſeaſes, how intolerable pains, as a certain fruit of debauchery, do they uſually bring upon the bodies of thoſe who enjoy them! What agreeableneſs the firſt motions of theſe pleaſures may have, I know not; but, that the conſequences of them are woeful, every one will be ſenſible, who will reflect upon his luſts. For, if theſe can render men happy, there is no reaſon why beaſts may not alſo be ſaid to be happy, whoſe whole intention is bent to ſupply the wants of the body. The pleaſure of a wife and children may indeed be very laudable; but it has been ſaid too ageeeably to nature, that ſomebody, I know not who, found his ſons his tormentors. How ſenſible parents are affected at every thing which concerns their children, I need not put you in mind, who formerly experienced it, and are now full of uneaſineſs on that account. In this point, I approve of the ſentiment of my pupil Euripides, who ſaid, That a man without children is happy in misfortune.

METRE

METRE VII.

Ev'ry pleaſure hath a ſmart,
Which ſtimulates th' enjoyer's heart;
And when, like winged bees, it pours
Its luſcious honey, then it ſoars
Aloft, and with too laſting force
It ſtings the mind with ſour remorſe.

PROSE VIII.

There is therefore no doubt but that theſe ways to happineſs are certain by-ways, which cannot bring a man to that ſtate to which they promiſe to bring him. But, with how great evils they are incumbered I will very briefly ſhew. For what will you endeavour to amaſs money? then you will take it from him who has it. Do you deſire to ſhine in poſts of honour? you will be humble ſervant to him who gives them. And you, who deſire to ſurpaſs others in honour, will degrade yourſelf by the humility of ſoliciting. Do you look for power? expoſed to the plots of ſubjects, you will be liable to dangers. Do you purſue glory? then

perplexed in thorny paths, you ceaſe to be at eaſe. Would you lead a voluptuous life? But who would not ſcorn and deſpiſe a ſlaviſh ſubjection to the body, the pooreſt and fraileſt thing in nature? But now, as for thoſe who boaſt of the advantages of the body, to what a ſcanty and frail poſſeſſion do they truſt! For, can you exceed elephants in bulk, or bulls in ſtrength? Can you ſurpaſs tigers in ſwiftneſs? Conſider the bulk, the durability, and ſwift motion, of the heavenly bodies, and ceaſe at length to admire inconſiderable things. The heavenly bodies, indeed, are not more admirable for theſe properties, than for that regularity with which their motions are directed. But, as to the ſplendour of beauty, how rapid is it, how ſwift, and more fleeting, than the mutability of vernal flowers! And if, as Ariſtotle ſays, men had the eyes of lynxes, that their ſight might penetrate every object preſented to it, would not that body of Alcibiades, moſt beautiful in the outſide, appear very ugly, upon inſpecting the inward parts? Therefore it is not your own nature, but the weakneſs of the ſpectators eyes, that makes you appear beautiful. But eſtimate the advantages of the body as much as you pleaſe; only

only know, that all this you ſo much admire, may be diſſolved by the ſlight inflammation of a tertian ague. From all which you may draw this concluſion, That thoſe things which can neither confer the goods they promiſe, nor are perfect, by an aſſemblage of all good things, can neither lead, as certain paths, to happineſs, nor of themſelves make men completely happy.

METRE VIII.

Ah, how doth ignorance betray,
And lead poor men in pathleſs way!
You don't expect, on verdant tree,
A precious metal e'er to ſee;
You ſeek not there the gold ſo fine,
Nor gather jewels from the vine.
You ſet not nets on mountains high,
To feaſt upon the ſcaly fry;
Nor, if to hunt the roes you pleaſe,
Do you explore the Tuſcan ſeas.
But the receſſes of the main,
By flowing waves conceal'd in vain,
Are all ranſack'd by human art,
Men know the deeps in ev'ry part,

Where

Where ſnow-white pearls do moſt abound,
And where the bluſhing purple's found,
What ſhores the tender fiſhes breed,
And what the prickly urchins feed;
But neither know, nor e'er inquire,
Where lies the good that they deſire;
And ſunk in earth, for good they ſigh,
Which lies beyond the ſtarry ſky.
What woe to ſuch dull hearts is due?
Wealth, honours, let them ſtill purſue,
And when with mighty toil they earn
Falſe goods, let them the true diſcern.

PROSE IX.

Thus far let it ſuffice to have pointed out the form of falſe happineſs; of which, if you have a clear view, the next thing in order is, to ſhew that which is true. I ſee, indeed, ſay I, that ſufficiency cannot be attained by wealth, nor reverence by dignities, nor power by kingdoms, nor renown by glory, nor joy by pleaſures. Have you alſo diſcovered the cauſes why it is ſo? Indeed, I think I have got a glimpſe of them, as it were through a ſmall chink; but I would chooſe to learn them more perfectly from you.

Truly

Truly the reaſon is very obvious: For what is ſimple and undivided by nature, that the error of men ſeparates, and miſleads them from the true and perfect, to the falſe and imperfect. Do you think, that what ſtands in need of nothing wants power? Not at all, ſay I; you ſay right: For whatever is of feebler ability in any reſpect, muſt, in that reſpect, need the aſſiſtance of others. It is ſo, ſay I; therefore the nature of ſufficiency and power is one and the ſame. So it ſeems: But do you think that what is ſuch is to be deſpiſed; or, on the contrary, that it is of all things moſt worthy of veneration? This, indeed, ſay I, cannot even be doubted; therefore to ſufficiency and power let us add reverence, ſo that we may judge theſe three to be one. We muſt do ſo, if we would confeſs the truth. But what think you? ſays ſhe: Do you reckon this mean and ignoble, or moſt illuſtrious in all renown? For conſider, that what has been granted to ſtand in need of nothing, to be moſt powerful, to be moſt worthy of honour, cannot ſeem to want any renown, which it cannot ſecure to itſelf, and on that account cannot be thought leſs excellent in any reſpect. I cannot, ſay I, but confeſs that this is moſt illuſtrious, as it really

ally is. It follows, then, that we confeſs, that renown differs nothing from the former three. It follows, ſay I; therefore that which ſtands in need of nothing foreign, which can do all things by its own power, which is renowned and venerable; is it not certain, that this is alſo moſt joyful? Indeed, ſay I, I cannot even imagine, that any ſorrow ſhould ſteal in upon one in ſuch a ſtate as this; wherefore it is neceſſary to confeſs, that he muſt be full of joy while the former conditions remain. But by the ſame reaſoning this alſo is neceſſary, that though the names of ſufficiency, power, renown, reverence, and agreeableneſs, are indeed different; yet their ſubſtance is by no means diſſimilar. It muſt be ſo, ſay I. This, then, which is one ſimple thing in its nature, the perverſeneſs of men divides; and while they endeavour to attain a part of a thing which has no parts, they neither acquire a portion which is not, nor the thing itſelf, to which they leaſt aſpire. As how? ſay I. He who ſeeks riches, ſays ſhe, from an averſion to poverty, is not at all concerned about power; he chooſes to be mean and obſcure, and even denies himſelf many of the comforts of nature, for fear of loſing the money he has acquired. But at this rate

rate not even a ſufficiency falls to the ſhare of him, whom power abandons, whom trouble torments, whom meanneſs degrades, whom obſcurity conceals. But he who deſires only to have power, tramples upon riches, deſpiſes pleaſures, and eſtimates honour without power, and alſo glory, as nothing. But you ſee in how many things he alſo is deficient: For it happens, that ſometimes he wants neceſſaries, that he is gnawed with anxious cares; and when he cannot remove theſe, he ceaſes to be powerful, the very thing he moſt deſired. We may reaſon in like manner of honours, glory, and pleaſures: For, ſince every one of theſe is the ſame as the reſt, whoever aims at any of them without the reſt, cannot lay hold even of that which he deſires. What then, ſay I? If any one ſhould wiſh to obtain all at once, he would indeed deſire the ſum of happineſs; but will he find it in thoſe things, which we have demonſtrated unable to confer what they promiſe? Not at all, ſay I. In no ways, then, is happineſs to be found in thoſe things, which are thought to afford the ſeveral particulars of deſireable things. I confeſs it, ſay I, and nothing can be ſaid more true than this. You have therefore, ſays ſhe, both the form and the

the cauſes of falſe happineſs. Turn now the view of your mind to the other ſide; for there you will ſee the true happineſs which I promiſed. Indeed, ſay I, this is clear even to the blind; and you ſhewed it a little before, when you were endeavouring to lay open the cauſes of falſe happineſs: For, if I am not miſtaken, that is true and perfect happineſs which can render a man ſufficient, powerful, reverend, renowned, and joyful. And to let you ſee that I have attended cloſely to your inſtructions, that which can truly confer one of theſe, ſince they are all the ſame thing, I know without heſitation to be complete happineſs. O my dear pupil, ſays ſhe, how happy are you in this opinion, if you add one thing? What, ſay I? Do you think there is ought in theſe mortal and fading things that can procure ſuch a ſtate as this? I am far from thinking ſo, ſay I; and this has been ſo plainly ſhewed by you, that nothing more can be deſired. Theſe, then, are either images of the true good, or ſeem to give ſome imperfect goods to mortals; but cannot beſtow the true and perfect good. I agree to it, ſay I. Seeing then you have acknowledged what is the true happineſs, and what only counterfeits the ſame, it now remains that you know

know whence you may derive this true happineſs. That, indeed, ſay I, I have been earneſtly expecting all the while. But ſince, as our friend Plato adviſes in his Timæus, the divine aſſiſtance ought to be implored even in the ſmalleſt matters; what do you think we muſt now do that we may be judged worthy to find the abode of that chief good? We muſt invoke, ſay I, the Father of all things, which being omitted, no enterpriſe is duly founded. Right, ſays ſhe; and at the ſame time ſhe ſung thus:

METRE IX.

O thou, who by eternal reaſon rul'ſt
The world, Creator both of earth and heav'n,
Who time command'ſt from age to age to flow,
And motion giv'ſt to all, thyſelf unmov'd;
Whom no external cauſes mov'd to frame
The work of changeful matter; but the form
Innate of chiefeſt good, from envy free:
Thou faſhion'ſt all from a ſupernal plan;
And, bearing in thy mind the Univerſe
So fair, thyſelf moſt fair, didſt form the ſame
In juſt reſemblance to the grand deſign.
Thou bind'ſt the Elements in harmony,

That cold with heat, and dry with moiſt agree;
That purer fire may not evaporate,
Or its own weight ſink down the drowned earth.
Thou doſt diſpoſe the Soul, that moveth all,
The middle link of triple Nature's chain,
And with congenial vehicles unite:
Which, having run its deſtin'd courſe, returns
Into itſelf, circling the mind profound,
And with like motion whirls the heav'nly orbs.
Thou, by like cauſes, ſouls and leſſer lives
Conducteſt, and in airy chariots rais'd
Thou ſcatter'ſt them abroad through heav'n and earth;
Which, with returning fire thou mak'ſt revolve,
To Thee directed by a law benign.
Raiſe me, O Father! to th' auguſt abode
Of Mind; give me to view the ſource of Good;
Give me to find the Light, and ſtedfaſtly
To fix my mental eyes intent on Thee.
Diſpel the miſts and weight of earthy dregs,
And in thy ſplendour ſhine; for thou art bright
And all ſerene, affording peaceful reſt
To pious ſouls; to ſee Thee is our end,
Beginning, guide, conductor, path, and bound.

PROSE

PROSE X.

Since, therefore, you have ſeen what is the form of imperfect, and likewiſe of perfect good, I think we ſhould now ſhew wherein this perfection of happineſs conſiſts. For which purpoſe, I ſuppoſe it ſhould be firſt inquired, if any ſuch good as you defined a little before can exiſt in the nature of things; leſt a vain appearance of knowledge ſhould miſlead us beyond the truth of the matter under conſideration. But, that this does exiſt, and is, as it were, a certain fountain of all good things, cannot be denied. For every thing which is ſaid to be imperfect, is deemed imperfect by a diminution of that which is perfect. Whence it comes to paſs, that if in any kind there ſeem to be ſomething imperfect, in that there muſt alſo be ſomething perfect. For, perfection being taken away, it cannot even be imagined, whence that, which is reckoned imperfect, exiſted. For the nature of things did not take its beginning from things diminiſhed and incomplete, but proceeding from things entire

tire and perfect, dwindles to these worn out and last productions. But if, as we showed a little before, there is a sort of imperfect happiness in frail and perishable good, it cannot be doubted that there is some solid and perfect happiness. It is most firmly and truly concluded, say I. But, in what it resides, says she, consider thus: That God, the chief of all things, is good, the common conception of human minds evinces. For, since nothing can be imagined better than God, who can doubt but that is good, than which there can be nothing better? But reason proves that God is good, in such a manner that it convinceth us there is perfect goodness in him. For, if it be not so, he cannot be the chief of all things; for then there will be something more excellent than he, possessing perfect good, which may seem to be before him, and more ancient than he: For all things that are perfect have appeared to be prior to those which are less complete. Wherefore, that the reckoning may not run on to infinity, it must be confessed that the supreme God is most full of supreme and perfect good. But we have determined perfect good to be true happiness. Therefore true happiness must be placed

placed in the ſupreme God. I grant it, ſay I; nor is it poſſible that it can by any means be contradicted. But, I pray you, ſays ſhe, conſider how firmly and irrefragably you may prove that which we ſaid before, that the ſupreme God is moſt full of ſupreme good. In what manner, ſay I? Do not preſuppoſe that this Father of all things either received from without that chief good, of which he is affirmed to be full; or think that he poſſeſſeth it naturally in ſuch a manner, that the ſubſtance of God, who poſſeſſeth happineſs, and that of the happineſs poſſeſſed by him, is different. For, if you ſhould think that he received it from without, you might imagine that which gave more excellent than that which received. But we confeſs moſt juſtly, that he is the moſt excellent of all things. But if, indeed, the chief good is in him by nature, but different in the notion of it, when we ſpeak of God, the chief of beings, let him imagine, who can, who joined theſe different things. Laſtly, that which is different from any thing, is not the ſame with that from which it is underſtood to be different. Wherefore, that which is not the chief good, is, in its own nature, different from

the chief good; which it is impious to think of God, than whom, it is certain, nothing is more excellent. For ſurely the nature of any thing cannot be better than its original. Wherefore, I may with the trueſt reaſon conclude, that that which is the original of all things, is alſo, in the ſubſtance of itſelf, the chief good. It is ſo, ſay I. But it has been granted that happineſs is the chief good. True, ſay I. Then, ſays ſhe, you muſt confeſs that God is happineſs itſelf. I cannot, ſay I, deny the former propoſitions; and I ſee plainly, that this is a conſequence inferred from them. Conſider, ſays ſhe, whether from them alſo this may not be as firmly proved, that two chief goods, which are different from one another, cannot be. For, of goods which differ, it is plain that the one is not what the other is: Wherefore neither of them can be perfect, ſince the one is wanting to either; but it is manifeſt, that what is not perfect, is not the chief: Therefore the goods which are chief can by no means be different. But we infer that both happineſs and God is the ſupreme good: Wherefore that muſt be the ſupreme happineſs which is the ſupreme Divinity. Nothing, ſay I, can be concluded

cluded more true in reality, more firm in reaſoning, or more worthy of God. Then, ſays ſhe, beſides theſe things, as the geometricians, having demonſtrated propoſitions, are wont to infer ſomething, which they call periſmata (or conſectaries), ſo I will give you a ſort of corollary. For, ſince men become happy by the attainment of happineſs, and happineſs is the Divinity itſelf, it is manifeſt that they become happy by the attainment of the Divinity. But, as men become juſt by the attainment of juſtice, and wiſe by that of wiſdom; ſo, for the ſame reaſon, it is neceſſary, that they who have attained the Divinity become Gods. Therefore, all that is happy is God; in nature, indeed, one, but by participation nothing hinders but that there may be many. This, ſay I, is both beautiful and precious, whether you choſe to call it conſectary or corollary. But nothing is more beautiful than this alſo, which reaſon adviſes to be annexed to theſe. What? ſay I. Since happineſs, ſays ſhe, ſeems to contain many things, whether all theſe things conjoin, as it were, one body of happineſs, or there be any of them which fills up the ſubſtance of happineſs, and the reſt are referred to this. I wiſh, ſay I, you would explain that, by mentioning

ing the things themſelves. Do not we reckon, ſays ſhe, that happineſs is a good thing? Yes, indeed; and the chief good, ſay I. You may add this, ſays ſhe, to all the reſt. For the ſame happineſs is judged to be the chief ſufficiency, the ſame the chief power, reverence, renown, and pleaſure. What then? Are all theſe goods, ſufficiency, power, and the reſt, certain members, as it were, or conſtituent parts of happineſs, or are they all referred to good, as to a capital point? I underſtand, ſay I, what you propoſe to be inveſtigated; but I deſire to hear what you determine. Take the deciſion of this matter thus. If all theſe were members of happineſs, they would alſo differ from one another. For this is the nature of parts, that different things make up one body. But all theſe have been ſhowed to be the ſame thing. Therefore they are not at all members; otherwiſe happineſs will ſeem to be compounded of one member, which cannot be. That, indeed, ſay I, is not doubtful; but I wait for what remains. It is plain, then, that other things are referred to good. For ſufficiency is therefore deſired, becauſe it is judged to be good; for the ſame reaſon, power, becauſe it is alſo believed to be good.

We

We may judge the ſame of reverence, renown, and pleaſantneſs. Therefore good is the ſum and cauſe of all deſirable things. For that which contains not in it any good either in reality or appearance, cannot by any means be deſired. And, on the other hand, thoſe things which by nature are not good, yet if they ſeem to be ſo, are deſired, as if they were real goods. Whence it is, that goodneſs is with reaſon believed to be the ſum, the hinge, and cauſe of all deſirable things. But that, for the ſake of which any thing is deſired, ſeems chiefly to be wiſhed for. As, if one ſhould incline to ride for the ſake of health, he does not ſo much deſire the motion of riding as the effect of health. Since, therefore, all things are ſought after for the ſake of good, they are not ſo much deſired by all as goodneſs itſelf. But we have granted that that, for which other things are wiſhed for, is happineſs; wherefore thus alſo happineſs alone is chiefly ſought after. From which it clearly appears, that the ſubſtance of good, and of happineſs, is one and the ſame. I ſee no reaſon why any one can be of a different opinion. But we have ſhowed, that God and true happineſs is one and the ſame. Yes, ſay I. We may then ſafely

conclude, that the ſubſtance of God is placed in goodneſs itſelf, and not in any thing elſe.

METRE X.

Hither, ye captives, all together come,
Whom luſt, inhabiting your earthly minds,
Deceitful bindeth with diſgraceful chains;
Here ye will find a reſt from all your toils,
Here a ſafe harbour, peaceful and ſerene;
This the ſole refuge open to diſtreſs.
Not all that Tagus in his golden ſands
Preſents, or Hermus in his glitt'ring bank,
Or Indus near the glowing orb of day,
Mingling green gems with thoſe of brighteſt white,
The eyes enlighten; nay, they rather blind
Benighted minds, and keep them in the dark.
Theſe charming baubles, which the fancy move,
The earth has bred, within her caverns deep.
The light, that rules and animates the ſky,
Avoids the darkſome ruins of the ſoul.
Whoever can this ſplendid light behold,
Will not allow that Phoebus' beams are bright.

PROSE

PROSE XI.

I agree to it, ſay I: For all is firmly ſupported by the ſtrongeſt reaſons. Then, ſhe ſays, How much will you eſteem it, if you know what goodneſs itſelf is? Infinitely, ſay I; for then I ſhall have the happineſs to know God alſo, who is goodneſs. I ſhall ſhow this by the trueſt reaſon, ſays ſhe, provided thoſe concluſions ſtand, which were inferred a little before. They ſhall ſtand, ſay I. Have I not ſhowed, ſays ſhe, that thoſe things, which are deſired by many, were not true and perfect goods; for this reaſon, becauſe they differed from one another, and ſince one was wanting to the other, they could not bring complete and abſolute good? but that they become the true good, when they are collected as it were into one form and efficiency; ſo that what is ſufficiency, the ſame is power, reverence, renown, and pleaſantneſs: And unleſs they be all one and the ſame thing, they have nothing for which they may be ranked among deſirable things. It has been demonſtrated, ſay I, and cannot by any means be doubted. Thoſe things, therefore, which, when

different,

different, are not good, but, when they begin to be one, become good; is not their being good owing to their being united? So it appears, ſay I: But do you grant or not, that every thing which is good is ſo by the participation of good? I grant it. You muſt then, for the like reaſon, grant, that unity and goodneſs is the ſame thing: For the ſubſtance of thoſe things is the ſame, the effect of which is not naturally different. I cannot deny it, ſay I. Do you know then, ſays ſhe, that every thing which remains and ſubſiſts ſo long as it is one, but periſhes and is diſſolved, at the ſame time it ceaſes to be one? As how? As in animals, ſays ſhe, when the ſoul and body unite in one, and continue ſo, it is called an animal: But when unity is diſſolved by the ſeparation of both, it is plain that it dies, and is no more an animal. The body itſelf, too, while it abides in one form by the union of its members, exhibits the human appearance. But if that union is deſtroyed, by the parts of the body being divided and diſſevered, it ceaſes to be what it was. And on running over other things in this manner, it will doubtleſs appear, that every thing ſubſiſts while it is one; but when it ceaſeth to be one, it falls to ruin. Upon

my

my conſidering many things, ſays I, the caſe ſeems to be no otherwiſe. Is there any thing then, ſays ſhe, which, in ſo far as it acts naturally, while there remains any appetency for exiſtence, would deſire to come to diſſolution and corruption? If I conſider animals, ſay I, which have any natural capacity of chooſing and refuſing, I find nothing which, without ſome outward force, could induce them to throw aſide the intention of remaining in exiſtence, and haſten of their own accord to deſtruction: For every animal endeavours to preſerve life, but carefully avoids death and deſtruction. But what opinion I ſhould form of herbs and trees, and of inanimate things in general, I am quite at a loſs. But you have no reaſon to doubt of this, when you ſee herbs and trees grow at firſt in places proper for them, where, as far as their nature will allow, they cannot ſoon wither and decay: For ſome ſpring up on plains, others on mountains; to ſome the fens give growth, others adhere to rocks; and even the barren ſands are productive of others, which, if removed to other places, would wither away; but Nature gives to each of them what is ſuitable, and exerts herſelf for their preſervation, while they are able to

laſt.

laſt. Why ſhould I ſay, that all of them, as with a mouth thruſt down into the earth, draw nouriſhment with their roots, and diffuſe it through their pith, wood, and bark? Why mention, that the ſofteſt part, as the pith, is always lodged in the innermoſt place, and is defended without by a firm covering of wood: And laſt of all the bark, as being hardy, is oppoſed as a guard againſt the inclemency of the weather. But now, how great is the diligence of Nature, in propagating each of theſe by the multiplication of ſeed? And who knows not that they are all, as it were, a ſort of machines, contrived not only for a temporary duration, but alſo for continuing, according to their ſeveral kinds, in a manner to perpetuity? Do not even thoſe things, which are thought to be inanimate, in like manner, deſire ſeverally what is their own property? For why does their lightneſs carry the flames upward, or its weight ſink the earth downward, but that theſe places and motions are ſuitable to each? Now that which is agreeable to every thing, preſerves every thing; as thoſe things which are unfriendly deſtroy it: But now thoſe things which are hard, ſuch as ſtones, adhere very firmly to their parts, and reſiſt the being

eaſily

eaſily diſſolved: And thoſe which are liquid, as air and water, yield eaſily indeed to whatever divides them; but ſoon fall back again into thoſe parts from which they are cut off. But fire refuſes all diviſion. We do not now treat of the voluntary motions of the intelligent ſoul, but of the intention of Nature. As, for inſtance, that we digeſt the food we receive, without thinking of it; that we breathe in ſleep, without knowing it: For, even in animals, the deſire of continuing in being proceeds not from the voluntary acts of the ſoul, but from the principles of nature: For often, from forcible cauſes, the will embraces death, which nature dreads; and, on the other hand, that work of generation, by which alone the continuance of mortal things is perpetuated, which nature always deſires, is ſometimes reſtrained by the will: So much doth this ſelf-love proceed, not from animal motion, but from natural intention. For Providence hath given to things created by it this principal cauſe of duration, that they naturally deſire to endure as long as they can; wherefore you cannot reaſonably in any ways doubt, that all things which are, naturally covet continuance of duration, and ſhun deſtruction. I confeſs, ſay

I,

I, that I now undoubtedly ſee what appeared uncertain before. But, ſays ſhe, that which has a ſtrong deſire to ſubſiſt and continue permanent, inclines to be one; for this being taken away, not even being will remain with any thing. It is true, ſay I. All things, therefore, ſays ſhe, deſire unity. Agreed. But we have ſhewed unity to be the ſame with goodneſs. Yes, indeed. All things, therefore, aim at good; which you may indeed deſcribe thus: Good is that which is deſired by all. Nothing more true, ſay I, can be imagined: For either all things are referred to nothing, and being deſtitute of unity as a capital principle, will fluctuate without a governour; or if there is any thing, to which all things tend, that will be the chief of all goods. My dear pupil, ſays ſhe, I am exceeding glad; for you have fixed in your mind the diſtinguiſhing mark of a principal truth; and in this hath appeared to you what you ſaid a while ago you was ignorant of. What, ſay I? What was the end or ſcope of all things; for that is indeed what is deſired by all; which becauſe we concluded to be goodneſs, we muſt confeſs that the end of all things is goodneſs.

METRE

METRE XI.

Whoe'er with deep attention ſeeks the truth,
And by no devious ways would be miſled;
Let him reflect upon the light within,
And bring his wand'ring thoughts within due bounds,
And teach his mind, whatever it acquires
To treaſure up among its native ſtores.
What black'ning clouds of error hid before,
Will ſhine more bright than Phoebus' brighteſt beams.
For body, laden with oblivious weight,
Hath not depriv'd the ſoul of all its light.
For ſure the ſeed of truth remains within,
Which ſprings and grows by doctrine's gentle gales.
For how could you ſpontaneous judge aright,
Unleſs the fewel liv'd within the heart?
But if ſage Plato's Muſe proclaim the truth,
Who learns, remembers what he had forgot.

PROSE XII.

Then, ſaid I, I am very much of Plato's mind; for you bring theſe things now a ſecond time to my remembrance. Firſt, becauſe I loſt my memory by the contagion of the body; and again, when preſſed with a load of ſorrow. Then, ſhe ſays, if you look back to what was granted before, you will not be far from calling to mind that which you confeſſed a while ago you did not know. What, ſay I? By what means or inſtruments, ſays ſhe, the world is governed. I remember, ſay I, that I confeſſed my ignorance; but though I now foreſee what you may repreſent, yet I deſire to hear it more plainly from you. That this world, ſays ſhe, is governed by God, you thought, a little before, was not in the leaſt to be doubted. I am ſtill of the ſame opinion, ſay I, nor ſhall I ever think it is to be doubted; and I will briefly mention the reaſons which determine me to be of this opinion. This world, conſiſting of ſo different and contrary parts, could not have come together into one form, if there was not one who joined together things ſo different; and, when conjoined, the very

very diverſity of their natures, jarring with one another, would diſunite and tear them aſunder, if there was not one who kept together what he has connected. But neither would the order of nature proceed ſo ſteadily, nor diſplay motions ſo well diſpoſed in places, times, officiency, bounds, and qualities, if there was not one who, himſelf remaining the ſame, regulated theſe changeful varieties. This, whatever it is, by which the things that are created continue, and are perceived, I call God, a name familiar to all. Then, ſhe ſays, Since this is your opinion of theſe matters, I think but little labour remains to you, in order to partake of happineſs, and reviſit your native country in ſafety: But let us take a view of what we propoſed. Did we not take ſufficiency into the account of happineſs, and grant that God is happineſs itſelf? Yes, indeed: And therefore, ſays ſhe, he will ſtand in need of no helps, from without, to govern the world; otherwiſe, if he need any, he will not have full ſufficiency. That, ſay I, muſt neceſſarily be ſo: Therefore he ordereth all things by himſelf alone. It cannot be denied, ſay I. But God has been ſhowed to be goodneſs itſelf. I remember it, ſay I. Therefore he ordereth all things

by

by goodneſs; for he ruleth all things by himſelf, whom we have granted to be goodneſs; and this is as it were a helm and rudder, by which the fabric of the world is kept ſtable and incorrupt. I heartily aſſent, ſay I; and I foreſaw a little ago, though with ſome ſmall ſuſpicion, that you would repreſent the matter thus. I believe it, ſays ſhe; for I ſuppoſe by this time you have your eyes more awake to ſee the truth; but what I am going to ſay is no leſs obvious to the view. What, ſay I? Since God, ſays ſhe, is with reaſon believed to govern all things by the helm of goodneſs, and all theſe ſame things, as I have taught, tend by natural intention towards good, can it be doubted but that they are governed voluntarily, and turn themſelves ſpontaneouſly to the direction of their diſpoſer, as correſpondent and conformable to their governour. It muſt be ſo, ſay I; nor would government ſeem to be happy, if it were the yoke of the reluctant, and not the ſafety of the obedient. There is nothing, therefore, which, while it keeps to nature, can counteract God. Nothing, ſay I. But if any thing ſhould endeavour to oppoſe him, would it avail ought againſt a Being, whom, by the right of happineſs, we have granted

granted to be moſt powerful? It would avail nothing at all, ſay I. There is not, therefore, any thing which either will or can oppoſe this chief good. I think not, ſay I. The chief good, therefore, ſays ſhe, is that which powerfully rules, and ſweetly diſpoſes all things. Then, ſaid I, how greatly am I delighted, not only with that ſum of reaſons which has been concluded, but much more with thoſe very words which you make uſe of! ſo that folly bawling proud words may at length be aſhamed of itſelf. You have hard, ſays ſhe, in the fables, of the giants attacking heaven; but benign power laid them low as was meet. But are you willing that we compare and match the reaſons themſelves with one another? perhaps, from ſuch a colliſion, ſome bright ſpark of truth may be ſtruck out. As you pleaſe, ſay I. That God, ſays ſhe, is all-powerful, none can doubt. None, indeed, ſay I, can doubt of it at all who is in his right ſenſes. But there is nothing, ſays ſhe, which he, who is all-powerful, cannot do. Nothing, ſay I. Can God then do evil? Not at all, ſay I. Evil then, ſays ſhe, is nothing; ſince he, who can do all things, cannot do evil. Do you banter me, ſay I, by framing an inextricable labyrinth

byrinth of reaſons, to which one now goes in by the way he would come out; and then comes out where he meant to go in: Or do you form a certain wonderful orb of the divine ſimplicity? For, a little ago, beginning with happineſs, you ſaid that it was the chief good, which, you declared, was placed in the ſupreme God: You argued alſo, that God is the chief good and complete happineſs; from which you deduced as a corollary, that none could be happy, but who was alſo God, (or a partaker of the divine nature.) Again, you declared, that the very form of good was the ſubſtance of God, and of happineſs; and you ſaid that he alone was that ſame good, which was deſired by every thing in nature: You reaſoned alſo, that God governs the univerſe by the helm of goodneſs, that all things obey willingly, and that there is not any natural principle of evil; and theſe things you explained, not by any proofs fetched from without, but by natural and familiar evidences, one thing drawing confirmation from another. Then, ſhe ſays, I do not banter in the leaſt; but by the favour of God, whom we lately invoked, have finiſhed a ſubject the moſt important of all. For ſuch is the form of the divine ſubſtance, that it neither

neither paſſes into external things, nor admits any thing external into itſelf: But, as Parmenides ſays of it,

"Diſplays an equal grandeur all around."

And if we uſed reaſons not fetched from without, but contained within the compaſs of the ſubject of which we were treating, you need not wonder, ſince you have learned from the authority of Plato, that language ought to be adapted to the things of which we ſpeak.

METRE XII.

Happy, who could with look direct
The fountain pure of good inſpect!
Happy, who could the chains unbind
Of pond'rous earth, that load the mind!
The Thracian Bard did much lament
In times of old the ſad event
Of his dear ſpouſe's vital breath
Extinguiſh'd by relentleſs death.
His mournful accents did command
The woods to move, the ſtreams to ſtand.
Secure and fearleſs now the hind

Her

The hare beholds, now unalarm'd,
The greyhound by the muſic charm'd:
More ardent flames with keen deſire
Do now his inmoſt boſom fire,
Nor could the lays, which conquer'd all,
Their joyleſs maſter free from thrall:
Complaining that he could not move
By plaintive ſtrains the pow'rs above,
Unable to ſupport his woe,
He viſited the pow'rs below.
There mingling ſongs of ſoft deſire
With the ſweet accents of his lyre,
The choiceſt lays that he did uſe
To draw from leſſons of the Muſe
His goddeſs mother; theſe he brings
Derived from her pureſt ſprings.
What grief invincible requir'd,
What Love, that doubles grief, inſpir'd,
He mournful ſings. The ſhades below
Are moved by his ſtrains of woe,
While with ſweet pray'r he grace intreats
From Rulers of th' infernal ſeats.
The Porter, with three heads, amaz'd,
Charm'd with the ſong, in wonder gaz'd.

The Fiends, who vengeance execute,
And guilty wretches perſecute,
And haunt them with continual fears,
Now mov'd with grief, are bath'd in tears.
Ixion's giddy head was eas'd,
While his ſwift wheel its motion ceas'd;
And Tantalus ſought drink no more,
Though with long thirſt oppreſt before.
The Vulture now of muſic full
No more did Tityus liver pull.
At length in pity Pluto cry'd,
We yield; you ſhall not be deny'd.
Let us to him his wife reſtore,
Thus purchas'd by the Muſes' lore:
But let this law our gift reſtrain,
That he may not look back again,
Till he has quitted our domain;
Nor on her turn his wiſhful eyes,
Till he has reach'd the upper ſkies.
Who can give law to thoſe that love?
Love is a law all laws above.
Ah! near the boundaries of night
Orpheus unhappy turn'd his ſight
On his Eurydice, when ſoon
He ſaw her, loſt her, was undone.

To you this fable hath reſpect,
Who would your mental eyes direct
To regions of ſuperior light.
And to the day ſupremely bright.
For he who, vanquiſh'd, turns his eyes
To regions dark below the ſkies;
Whatever precious thing he brings,
He loſes, viewing meaner things.

BOOK IV.

PROSE I.

WHEN Philoſophy, keeping a dignity of countenance, and a gravity of expreſſion, had ſoftly and melodiouſly ſung theſe ſtrains; then I, who had not yet quite forgotten the ſorrow that had taken poſſeſſion of me, interrupted her, as ſhe was preparing to ſay ſomething more, and ſaid: O thou who uſhereſt in the true light, thoſe truths, which your eloquence hath hitherto diſplayed, have appeared invincible, both from the divine ſpeculation of the truths themſelves, and from your reaſons in proof of them; and the things you have ſaid, though lately forgotten from reſentment of injury, yet were not heretofore altogether unknown to me. But this eſpecially is the greateſt cauſe of my ſorrow,

ſorrow, that, when there is a good Governour of the world, evils can either exiſt at all, or paſs unpuniſhed. Now, do but conſider how aſtoniſhing this alone is. But, beſides this, there is another thing ſtill more ſurpriſing. For, when the worthleſs are in power, and flouriſhing, virtue is not only unrewarded, but even expoſed to be trampled under the feet of the wicked, and ſuffers the puniſhment due to crimes. Now, that ſuch things ſhould take place under the government of God, who knows all things, can do all things, but wills only what is good, nobody can ſufficiently wonder or complain. Then, ſhe ſays, it would indeed be a matter of infinite aſtoniſhment, and more amazing than any prodigy, if, as you imagine, in the family of ſo great a Maſter, diſpoſed in the beſt order, baſe veſſels were eſteemed, and valuable ones neglected; but it is not ſo. For, if the concluſions which were made a little ago remain unſhaken, you will know, by the authority of him, of whoſe government we are now ſpeaking, that good men are always powerful, but the wicked always contemptible and weak; that vices are never without puniſhment, nor virtues without reward; that happineſs always happens to the good,

good, and misfortune to the bad; and many things of this kind, which may appeaſe your complaints, and ſettle you on a firm and ſolid bottom. And, ſince you have ſeen the form of true happineſs, which I have lately pointed out, and as you have alſo acknowledged wherein it conſiſts; paſſing all theſe things which I think it needful to admit, I will ſhow you the way which will convey you to your native home. I will alſo add wings to your mind, that having removed all perturbation, you may return ſafe into your country, by my guidance, my path, and my conveyance.

METRE I.

For wings agile to me belong,
  Which can aſcend the lofty ſkies;
Which when the nimble Mind puts on,
  The ſpurned earth ſhe doth deſpiſe;
Paſſes the ſphere of air immenſe,
  And clouds behind her doth eſpy,
Tranſcends the fiery region's height,
  Warm'd by the motion of the ſky,

Till

Till to the ſtarry domes ſhe riſe,
And join the way of Phoebus' car,
Or trace the cold Arcturus' path,
Attendant on that glitt'ring ſtar,

Or run the round of ev'ry orb
Which twinkling paints the ſable night,
And when this ſoaring flight is paſt,
She leave the Pole's exalted height,

And ſkim the fleet etherial fields,
Reaching the venerable light,
Where reigns the ſcepter'd Lord of kings,
And rules the world with awful might:

The reigns he holds, the chariot guides
Of Nature, by eſtabliſh'd laws,
And in bright Majeſty he ſits
The Judge and Univerſal Cauſe.

If ſafe return'd by this bleſt way,
Which now forgetful you requeſt,
You'll ſay, This is my native home,
From hence I ſprung, here will I reſt.

But if you choſe to view again
The darkſome earth you left behind,
The wretched people's fear and dread,
Stern exil'd tyrants you will find.

PROSE II.

Then, ſaid I, Strange! what mighty things you promiſe! Nor do I doubt but you can effect them; only, do not detain me, now that you have raiſed my expectation. Firſt, then, ſays ſhe, you may perceive that power always attends the good, but that the evil are deſtitute of all ſtrength; the one of which is demonſtrated from the other. For, ſince good and evil are contrary, if it ſhall appear that good is powerful, the weakneſs of evil is evident; but, if the frailty of evil is manifeſt, the ſtability of good is known. But, that the proof of what I propoſe may be more full, I ſhall proceed in either way, confirming my tenets ſometimes from the one, and ſometimes from the other. There are two things, on which the whole efficiency of human acts depends, namely, Will and Power; if either of which be wanting, nothing can be effectuated. For, if the will be wanting, one does not ſo much as attempt what he is not willing to do; but, if power be deficient, the will is in vain. Whence it comes to paſs, that if you ſee a man willing to obtain a thing which he doth not

not obtain, you cannot doubt that he wanted power to obtain that which he deſired. It is evident, ſay I, and can by no means be denied. But will you doubt that he, who you ſee has effected what he would, was able to do it? Not at all. Now, what every one is able to do, in that he is to be accounted powerful; but what he is not able to do, in this he is to be eſteemed weak. I confeſs it, ſay I. Do you remember, then, ſays ſhe, that it was inferred from former reaſonings, that every intention of the human will, which is actuated by different affections, haſtens towards happineſs? I remember, ſay I, that this alſo was demonſtrated. Do you call to mind, that happineſs is goodneſs itſelf; and ſo when happineſs is deſired, good is ſought after by all? I do not indeed call it to mind, ſay I, becauſe I keep it fixed in my memory. All men then, both good and bad without diſtinction, endeavour to come at good. It follows of courſe, ſay I. But it is certain that, by the attainment of good, men become good. Certain. Good men, therefore, obtain what they deſire. So it ſeems. But, if evil men obtained the good which they deſire, they could not be evil. So it is. Since, therefore, both purſue good, and the former obtain it,

it, the latter not; there is no doubt but that the good are powerful, and the bad weak. Whoever doubts it, ſay I, is not capable of conſidering either the nature of things, or the conſequence of reaſons. Again, ſhe ſays: If there be two, who have the ſame purpoſe according to nature, and one of them, by the natural office, executes and accompliſhes that purpoſe; the other cannot perform that natural office; and, by any other means than theſe, agreeable to nature, he could not fulfil his purpoſe, but would imitate one who could do it: Which of theſe do you judge to be the moſt powerful? Though I gueſs, ſay I, what you mean, yet I deſire to hear it more plainly. Will you deny, ſays ſhe, that, according to nature, the motion of walking belongs to men? Not at all, ſay I. And do you doubt that the office of the feet is natural for that purpoſe? No indeed, ſay I. If one, therefore, who is able to go on his feet ſhould walk, and another to whom the natural office of the feet is wanting, ſhould endeavour to walk, leaning on his hands, Which of theſe may juſtly be thought the moſt powerful? Proceed, ſay I; for nobody doubts but that he who is capable of the natural office, is more powerful than the other,

who cannot perform the ſame. But the chief good, ſays ſhe, which is equally propoſed by the good and bad, is purſued by the good by the natural means of virtues; but the bad endeavour to obtain the ſame by the gratification of various paſſions, which is not the natural means of obtaining good. Are you of a different opinion? By no means, ſay I, ſince the conſequence of this is alſo evident. For, from what I had granted, good men muſt neceſſarily be powerful, but bad men weak. You conclude right, ſays ſhe; and that, as the phyſicians uſe to preſage, is an evidence of Nature's being rouſed, and exerting her powers. But, as I ſee that you are very quick at comprehending things, I ſhall accumulate a variety of reaſons. See, then, how evidently the weakneſs of vitious men appears, who cannot even arrive at that to which the intention of nature leads, and almoſt compels them. And what would be the caſe if they were left deſtitute of this powerful, and almoſt invincible aſſiſtance of conducting nature? But, conſider how much weakneſs cleaves to the wicked: For they do not purſue light and ludicrous prizes, which they cannot reach and obtain; but they fail as to the ſum and capital point of things:

things: Nor does ſucceſs attend the wretched men in that, for which alone they labour day and night; in which reſpect the power of good men eminently appears. For, as you would think that man moſt powerful in walking who had been able to travel on foot to the fartheſt place acceſſible for travelling; ſo you muſt neceſſarily judge him moſt powerful who has attained the end beyond which there is nothing more to be deſired. Whence the oppoſite to this follows, that they who are wicked ſeem alſo to be deſtitute of all power. For why do they abandon virtue, and follow vitious courſes? Is it from ignorance of what is good? If ſo, what can be weaker than the blindneſs of ignorance? Or do they know the things that ought to be purſued? Suppoſe they do, but that their paſſions lead them aſtray: In this caſe alſo, the want of ſelf-government argues them to be frail, ſince they have not reſolution to combat vice. Or do they knowingly and willingly forſake good, and turn aſide to vices? But, at this rate, they not only ceaſe to be powerful, but to be at all. For they who forſake the end common to all things which are, at the ſame time ceaſe likewiſe to be. And this indeed may ſeem wonderful to ſome, that

that we ſay of the wicked, who are the greater number of men, that they are not; but ſo it is. For they who are wicked, I do not diſown that they are wicked; but that the ſame men "are" purely and ſimply, I deny. For, as you may call a dead man a carcaſe, but cannot call him ſimply a man, ſo I will grant that vitious men are wicked, but that they "are" abſolutely, I cannot allow. For that "is", which retains its rank, and keeps to nature; but that which deviates from this, forſakes "being," which conſiſts in the nature of itſelf. But, you will ſay, the wicked can do ſomething; nor will I deny it: But this power of theirs proceeds not from ſtrength, but from weakneſs. For they can do evil; which they could not do if they had been able to continue in the doing of good. Which kind of power demonſtrates more evidently, that they can do nothing. For if, as we have concluded a little before, evil is nothing; ſince the wicked can only do evil, it is clear that they can do nothing. It is evident. And, that you may underſtand what is the amount of this power, we have determined a little before, that nothing is more powerful than the chief good. It is ſo, ſay I. But the ſame chief good, ſays ſhe, cannot

not do evil. Not at all. Is there then, ſays ſhe, any one who can think that men can do all things. None, unleſs he is mad. But men can do evil. I wiſh, from my heart, ſay I, they could not! Since, then, he who has power only to do good, can do all things; but they who have power alſo to do evil cannot do all things: It is manifeſt, that they who can do evil have leſs power. To this is added, as we have ſhowed already, that all power is to be reckoned among deſirable things; and that all deſirable things have relation to good, as to a certain pinnacle of their nature. But the ability to commit wickedneſs cannot have relation to good. Therefore it is not deſirable. But all power is deſirable. It is plain then, that the ability to do evil is not power. From all which, the power of the good, and the weakneſs of the wicked, appears unqueſtionable. It is evident that the ſaying of Plato is true, That good men alone can do what they deſire: But that the wicked can indeed practiſe what pleaſes their humour, but cannot accompliſh what they deſire. For they do what pleaſes them, while they think, that, by thoſe things in which they take pleaſure, they ſhall obtain the happineſs which they deſire: But they do

not

not obtain it; becauſe baſe actions are incompatible with happineſs.

METRE II.

The Kings you ſee enthron'd on high,
Seated in royal majeſty,
Who ſhine in purple robes of ſtate,
(While armed guards around them wait),
Breathing out threats with look ſevere,
Whoſe boſoms angry paſſions tear;
Pull off the maſk of vain parade,
Theſe haughty Lords you'll ſoon degrade,
And plainly ſee them cloſe confin'd
By chains that captivate the mind.
For now dire luſt their boſom racks,
And with envenom'd care diſtracts;
And then their troubled mind is ſwell'd
With ſtormy waves by wrath impell'd;
Or ſorrow robs them of content;
Or fond deluſive hopes torment.
When thus one mortal you obſerve
So many tyrant paſſions ſerve;
You find he does not what he would,
By ruling maſters ſtill withſtood.

PROSE III.

Don't you ſee then in what mire infamy is involved, with what light probity ſhines? Whence it is evident, that proper rewards are never wanting to good qualities, nor due puniſhments to crimes; for, of things which are done, that for which every thing is done may not without reaſon ſeem to be the reward of that thing; as to one running in a race, the reward propoſed is the crown, for which the race is run. But we have ſhowed, that happineſs is that good for which all things are done. Good itſelf, then, is propoſed as a common reward to human actions, but this cannot be ſeparated from good men; for he who is without good, will no longer be juſtly called a good man; wherefore, good qualities are not deſtitute of ſuitable rewards. The wicked then may rage as much as they pleaſe, yet the good man's crown will not fall, will not wither; for the infamy of others doth not diminiſh the honour proper to virtuous minds. But, if one ſhould be pleaſed with honour received from without, either ſome other, or the ſame perſon who conferred it, might take it away; but, ſince every man's own virtue confers that honour, he will then want his

his reward when he ceaſes to be virtuous. Laſtly, ſince every reward is therefore deſired, becauſe it is believed to be good, who can judge him, who is partaker of good, to be without reward? But what a reward? the moſt glorious and greateſt of all; for remember that corollary which I gave a little before as a principal thing, and reaſon thus; ſince happineſs is goodneſs itſelf, it is plain that all good men become happy for this very reaſon, becauſe they are good. But it has been agreed, that they who are happy are God's, (ſaints, or partakers of the divine nature); therefore, the reward of good men is ſuch as no time can impair, the power of none can leſſen, the wickedneſs of none can blacken; it is to become divine: Which being the caſe, a wiſe man cannot doubt of the puniſhment inſeperable from the wicked; for, ſince good and evil, as alſo puniſhment and reward, are directly oppoſite, what we ſee happen in the reward of good, the reverſe muſt accordingly take place in the puniſhment of evil. As, therefore, honeſty itſelf is a reward to the honeſt, ſo naughtineſs itſelf is a puniſhment to the naughty: But now, whoever ſuffers puniſhment does not doubt that he ſuffers evil. If, therefore, thoſe men

men ſhould incline to be thought free from puniſhment, could they think themſelves ſo, whom the utmoſt exceſs of all evils not only affects, but alſo mightily infects? But ſee, on the ſide oppoſite to good, what puniſhment attends the wicked; for you learned a little before, that every thing that is is one, and that unity itſelf is good; the conſequence of which is, that every thing that is ſeems alſo to be good. By this means, therefore, whatever deviates from good ceaſes to be; whence it follows, that wicked men ceaſe to be what they were; but the form of the human body ſtill ſhows that they had been men; wherefore, being turned to wickedneſs, they have alſo loſt the human nature. And, ſince probity alone can raiſe any one above men, wickedneſs muſt neceſſarily ſink thoſe whom it has degraded from the human condition below the dignity of man; the conſequence, therefore, is, that you cannot think him a man whom you ſee transformed by vices. Does the violent plunderer of other men's wealth boil with avarice? you may ſay he is like a wolf: Is he fierce and reſtleſs, employing his tongue in wrangling and ſnarling? you may compare him to a dog: Does he inſidiouſly delight in ſtealing

by concealed fraud? he may be likened to the foxes: Is he boiſterous, and unable to govern his paſſion; he may be ſuppoſed to have the temper of a lion: Is he timorous, and apt to run away, fearing things that are not to be feared? he may be reſembled to the ſtags: Is he dull, ſtupid, and inſenſible; he leads the life of an aſs: Is he light and inconſtant, ever changing his purſuits? he differs nothing from the birds: Is he immerſed in ſhameful and impure luſts? he is engaged in the pleaſure of a naſty ſow: So it comes to paſs, that he who, by abandoning virtue, has ceaſed to be a man; ſince he cannot paſs into the divine condition, he is turned into a beaſt.

METRE III.

When he, who erſt the ſceptre ſway'd
Of Ithaca, his fleet convey'd
Along the ocean, Eurus' gales
To Circe's iſle impell'd his ſails;
Circe the fair, of race divine,
Sprung from bright Sol's illuſtrious line,
Who doth inchanted potions mix,
That ſhe may new-come ſtrangers fix,

Who,

Who, changed by her magic hand,
Aſſume new forms at her command:
One, ſunk in pleaſure heretofore,
By her new charms becomes a boar;
A lion, fierce with frightful jaws,
Another grows in teeth and claws;
Another, to the wolves ally'd,
Howls, while he meant but to have cry'd;
One like an Indian tyger roars,
Yet harmleſs roams about the doors.
But though the ſuff'ring heroe's fate
Mov'd winged Mercury's regret,
And he in pity to the chief
From Circe's charms gave him relief,
Yet had his friends already drunk
The poiſon'd draughts that had them ſunk,
And, into ſwine already chang'd,
Had Ceres' gifts for maſt exchang'd;
And nothing of them now remains
Entire, and free from ſordid chains;
They now experience, to their coſt,
Their voice, their body, wholly loſt;
Their mind alone remains the ſame,
Though pierced with remorſe and ſhame.
O that enchanting hand too light!
And herbs too impotent in might!

Which

Which only make the body ſmart,
But have not pow'r to change the heart;
The vigour of the human kind
Dwells in the fortreſs of the mind;
The poiſons dire, which penetrate
Within, moſt pow'rful operate
To make a man himſelf no more,
And not the ſame he was before,
And while they leave the body ſound,
Upon the mind inflict the wound.

PROSE IV.

Then, ſaid I, I confeſs it; and I ſee it is not ſaid without reaſon, that vicious men, though they retain the form of the human body, yet are changed into beaſts in the quality of their minds. But I could wiſh that they, whoſe cruel and wicked thoughts are furiouſly bent upon the deſtruction of good men, had it not in their power. Nor is it in their power, ſays ſhe, as ſhall be ſhowed in a proper place; but yet, if that very thing, which is ſuppoſed to be in their power, is taken away, the puniſhment of wicked men is in a great meaſure alleviated: For what may ſeem perhaps incredible to ſome, wicked men muſt

muſt be more unhappy when they have effected their purpoſes, than if they are not able to accompliſh what they deſire: For if the will to do miſchief is miſerable, the power is more ſo, without which the efforts of the impotent will would be ineffectual. Therefore, ſince each has its own miſery, thoſe men muſt labour under a threefold misfortune, whom you ſee willing, able, and ſucceſsful in wickedneſs. I aſſent to it, ſay I; but I earneſtly wiſh they may be ſoon freed from this misfortune, by being deprived of the power of doing miſchief. They will be freed from it, ſays ſhe, ſooner than perhaps you may deſire, or they may think that they ſhall be freed from it: For there is not any thing within the ſhort bounds of life ſo late, which an immortal ſoul, eſpecially, can think it long to wait for; ſeeing men's mighty hopes, and lofty fabric of exploits are often demoliſhed by a ſudden and unexpected end; which indeed ſets a bound to their miſery in this reſpect: For if naughtineſs makes men miſerable, the longer one is naughty, the more miſerable he muſt be; and I ſhould judge thoſe men moſt miſerable, if death however did not finally put a period to their wickedneſs: For, if we have concluded rightly

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concerning the misfortune of depravity, it appears that misery is infinite, which is agreed to be eternal. Then, said I, a strange inference indeed, and hard to be granted; but I am sensible it is very agreeable to those things which were granted before. You judge right, says she; but it is reasonable that he, who may think it hard to assent to the conclusion, should either show that something is false in the premisses, or make it appear that the comparison of the propositions is not effectual for a necessary conclusion; for otherwise, when the premisses are granted, nothing at all can be objected to the inference: For this also which I am going to say may seem no less strange, but is equally a necessary consequence of those things which have been taken for granted. What, say I? That wicked men, says she, are happier when they suffer legal punishment, than if no punishment from justice were inflicted upon them. Nor do I now mean, what may occur to any one, that bad practices are reformed by punishment, and men brought to the right way by the terror of suffering, and that an example is set to others to shun culpable actions; but, in another respect, I think wicked men more unhappy when unpunished,

unpuniſhed, though no regard be had to amendment, no reſpect to example. And what other conſideration, ſay I, can there be beſides theſe? Have we not granted, ſays ſhe, that good men are happy, but bad men miſerable? It is ſo, ſay I. If then, ſays ſhe, ſome good be added to a man's miſery, is he not happier than he whoſe miſery is pure and ſolitary, without any mixture of good? So it appears, ſay I. What if to this ſame miſerable perſon, who is deſtitute of all good things, another evil be annexed beſides thoſe, by which he is miſerable; is he not to be reckoned more unhappy than he, whoſe misfortune is alleviated by the participation of good? Why not, ſay I? Wicked men, therefore, when they are puniſhed, have indeed ſomething of good annexed, namely the puniſhment itſelf, which, with reſpect to juſtice, is good; and the ſame men, when they are exempted from puniſhment, have in them ſomething further of evil, impunity itſelf which you confeſſed to be evil from the demerit of iniquity. I cannot deny it. Therefore the wicked are much more unhappy, when indulged with unjuſt impunity, than when puniſhed with juſt retribution. Now it is manifeſt that the puniſhment of the wicked is juſt,

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but that their eſcaping with impunity is unjuſt. Who can deny it? But neither will any one deny, ſays ſhe, that every thing which is juſt is good; and, on the other hand, it is plain, that what is unjuſt is evil. Then, ſaid I, theſe indeed are conſequences of what was concluded a little before. But I pray you, ſay I, do you leave no puniſhments of ſouls, after the body is dead? Yes, ſays ſhe, and great puniſhments too; ſome of which, I ſuppoſe, are exerciſed with penal ſeverity, others with purifying clemency. But it is not my deſign to ſpeak of theſe at preſent. My purpoſe hitherto has been to let you know, that the power of wicked men, which ſeemed to you moſt undeſerved, is none at all; and to ſhow, that thoſe who you complained were unpuniſhed, are never free from ſufferings for their wickedneſs; and to inform you that the permiſſion, which you prayed might ſoon have an end, is not long, and would be more unhappy if longer, but moſt unhappy if it were eternal; and, after this, to acquaint you that the wicked are more miſerable, when ſuffered to paſs with unjuſt impunity, than when puniſhed by juſt retribution. The conſequence of which ſentiment is, that they are only preſſed with ſeverer ſufferings,

ings, when they are ſuppoſed to be unpuniſhed. Then, I ſaid, when I conſider your reaſons, I think nothing can be ſaid more true. But if I return to the judgments of men, who is he who would not think theſe things not only unworthy to be believed, but even to be heard? So it is, ſays ſhe; for they cannot lift their eyes, accuſtomed to darkneſs, to the clear light of truth; and are like thoſe birds, whoſe ſight the night enlightens, but the day blinds; for, while they regard not the order of things but their own paſſions, they think the permiſſion, or the impunity of crimes, a happy thing. But ſee what the eternal law enacts: If you conform your mind to what is good, you have no need of a judge to reward you; you have devoted yourſelf to more excellent things. If you turn your thoughts to what is bad, look not for a revenger without; you have thruſt yourſelf down into a deeper abyſs of miſery; as if you ſhould look by turns to the ſordid ground, and to the ſky, while you overlook all other outward objects, you would ſeem, by the very faculty of ſight, to be one while in the mire, another while among the ſtars. But the generality of men do not regard theſe things. What then? ſhall we aſſent to thoſe

whom we have ſhowed to be like beaſts? What if one, having totally loſt his ſight, ſhould alſo forget that he ever had the ſenſe of ſeeing, and think that he wanted nothing to the perfection of a man? ſhould we think that thoſe who ſee are in like manner blind, or that the blind ſee the ſame things as we do? For they will not acquieſce even in this, which is ſupported by equally ſtrong grounds of reaſon, that thoſe men are more unhappy who do injury, than thoſe who ſuffer it. I could wiſh, ſay I, to hear the reaſons of this. Do you deny, ſays ſhe, that every wicked man is worthy of puniſhment? By no means: But that they who are wicked are unhappy, is evident on many accounts. So it is, ſay I. You do not doubt then that they, who are worthy of puniſhment, are miſerable. I agree to it, ſay I. If then, ſays ſhe, you were to ſit as judge, on whom would you think puniſhment ought to be inflicted; on him who had done, or on him who had ſuffered wrong? I am in no doubt, ſay I, but that I would ſatisfy the ſufferer by the pain of the doer. The doer of the wrong then would ſeem to you more miſerable than the receiver of it. It follows, ſay I. Hence, therefore, and from other cauſes found-

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ed upon this ground, that baſeneſs in its own nature makes men miſerable, it appears, that injury done to any perſon is not the miſery of the receiver, but of the doer of it. But now, ſays ſhe, orators act in oppoſition to this; for they endeavour to move the pity of the judges for thoſe who have ſuffered any thing cruel and ſevere; whereas pity would be more juſtly due to thoſe who committed the grievance; who ought to be brought to trial, not by angry but rather by favouring and pitying accuſers, as ſick perſons to a phyſician, in order to remove the diſeaſes of guilt by puniſhment; by which means the labour of patrons would either be wholly ſuperſeded; or, if they chooſe to be ſerviceable to men, their pleadings ſhould be turned into the form of accuſation. The wicked themſelves, too, if they could look through ſome ſmall chink at virtue, which they have abandoned, and ſee that they might get rid of the pollutions of vice by the pains of puniſhment, in conſideration of obtaining probity, would not think theſe to be pains, and would refuſe the ſervice of patrons, and commit themſelves wholly to the accuſers and judges. Whence it comes to paſs, that among wiſe men no room is left at all for hatred.

For

For who but the moſt fooliſh would hate the good; and to hate the bad is without reaſon. For as ſickneſs is the diſeaſe of men's bodies, ſo vitiouſneſs is, as it were, a certain diſeaſe of their minds. And ſince we judge men diſeaſed in body by no means worthy of hatred, but rather of compaſſion, much more thoſe men are not to be perſecuted but pitied, whoſe minds are oppreſſed with vice, which is more dangerous than any ſickneſs.

METRE IV.

Why ſhould you ſuch commotions chooſe to ariſe,
And of your own accord bring on your fate?
If death you ſeek, he haſtens on apace,
Of his own motion, nor retards his gait.

They whom boar, tiger, ſerpent, lion, bear,
With teeth attack, themſelves attack with ſword;
Do they unjuſt and cruel war prepare,
Becauſe from diff'rent humours they diſcord?

And are they bent by mutual arms to die?
Their reaſon for ſuch cruelty is lame.
Would you men's merits in juſt balance weigh,
The good your love, the bad your pity claim.

PROSE

PROSE V.

Here, I ſay, I ſee what happineſs or miſery depends upon the behaviour of the good and bad. But I perceive there is ſomething of good or evil in this ſame popular fortune. For no wiſe man would chooſe to be baniſhed, poor, and diſgraced, rather than abundant in wealth, reverend in honour, conſiderable in power, and continuing to flouriſh in his own city. For thus the office of wiſdom is executed in a more conſpicuous and public manner, when the happineſs of rulers is in ſome meaſure communicated to the people connected with them; eſpecially ſince impriſonment, bonds, and other ſeverities of legal puniſhments, are rather due to pernicious citizens, for whom they were appointed. Therefore I wonder mightily why theſe things, by a reverſe of fortune, are changed, and the puniſhments due to crimes afflict the good, while the wicked carry off the rewards that belong to virtuous deeds: And I deſire to learn from you, what may ſeem to be the reaſon of ſuch unjuſt confuſion. For I ſhould be leſs ſurpriſed, if I could believe that all things fall

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out promiſcuouſly by fortuitous events. Now, the conſideration of God's being the Governour increaſes my ſurpriſe; ſince he often allots agreeable things to the good, and harſh things to the bad; and, on the contrary, diſpenſeth hard things to the good, and granteth deſirable things to the bad: And, unleſs the cauſe of ſuch proceedings be diſcovered, what is there in them that appears to differ from fortuitous events? And no wonder, ſays ſhe, if any thing appear diſorderly and confuſed, while the cauſe of its appointment is not known. But, though you be ignorant of the cauſe of ſuch a diſpoſition, yet, ſeeing a good Governour rules the world, doubt not that all things are ordered well and wiſely.

METRE V.

Whoever knows not that the Stars, which roll
Near to Arcturus, move around the Pole;
Why ſlow Bootes guides his weary team,
And late in Ocean dips his ſparkling flame,
When over quick he ſhows his riſing fire;
Will ſure the laws of heav'nly orbs admire.

When

When the full moon, which lately ſhown ſo bright,
Grows pale, obſcured with the ſhades of night,
And Phoebe, with confuſion cover'd o'er,
Reveals the ſtars which ſhe had hid before;
The nations, mov'd with fear, the cymbals beat,
And on the tired braſs the ſtrokes repeat.
But none doth wonder, when the ſurges roar
By winds uprais'd, and daſh againſt the ſhore;
Nor when the ſnowy maſs with cold congeal'd,
By Phoebus fervid heat diſſolv'd doth yield:
For here the cauſe is obvious to the eyes,
But there conceal'd the ſearching mind defies.
All rare events, which time doth bring to light,
And which, unlook'd for, vulgar minds affright,
Did not the miſt of error intervene,
Would ſurely ceaſe with wonder to be ſeen.

PROSE VI.

Is it ſo, ſay I? But, as it is your province to unfold the latent cauſes of things, and to diſplay their reaſons that are veiled in darkneſs, I entreat you to give your judgment in this caſe, and ſince this wonder moſt diſturbs me, I beg you would explain it clearly. Then ſhe ſmiling for a moment ſays: You call me to a ſubject of the

the moſt important inquiry of all others, for which the utmoſt labour of thought is ſcarce ſufficient. For ſuch is the matter of it, that, when one doubt is cut off, innumerable others, like the Hydra's heads, grow up in its place: Nor will there be any end, unleſs one can reduce them within bounds by the moſt lively fire of the mind. For, on this head, inquiry uſes to be made of the ſimplicity of Providence, of the ſeries of Fate, of unexpected Events, of the Divine Knowledge, and Predeſtination, and of the Liberty of the Will: And how weighty theſe things are, you yourſelf are ſenſible. But, ſince it is a part of your cure to know theſe things, though we are confined within narrow limits of time, yet we will endeavour to conſider them a little. But, if you delight in the amuſements of poetic ſong, you muſt ſuſpend this pleaſure for a while, till I put together for you ſome reaſons connected in order. As you pleaſe, ſay I. Then, as if beginning from another principle, ſhe ſpoke thus: The generation of all things, and the whole progreſs of mutable natures, and whatever is altered in any manner, derives its cauſes, order, and forms, from the ſtability of the Divine Mind. This Divine Mind, compoſed in the

fortreſs

fortreſs of his own ſimplicity, appoints a diverſified mode for the carrying on of affairs; which mode, when ſeen in the purity of the Divine Intelligence, is named Providence; but, when referred to thoſe things which it moves and diſpoſes, was called by the ancients Fate. That theſe are different will eaſily appear, if one conſider the import of each. For Providence is that Divine Reaſon itſelf conſtituted in the great Sovereign of all, which diſpoſeth all things: But Fate is a diſpoſition inherent in mutable things; by which Providence connects each of them in their proper orders. For Providence comprehends all things together, however different, however infinite; but Fate puts them ſeverally in motion, diſtributed in places, forms, and times: So that this determination of temporal order, united in the view of the Divine Mind, is Providence; but the ſame aſſemblage of things arranged, and diſplayed in time, is called Fate; which, though they be different, yet depend the one upon the other. For the order of Fate proceeds from the ſimplicity of Providence. For, as an artiſt forming in his mind the idea of a piece of work, ſets about the performance of it; and what he had ſeen ſimply and at one view,

he carries on orderly, and in proceſs of time: So God, by his Providence, determines things to be done, particularly and unalterably; but by Fate he carries on theſe ſame things, which he has determined in various manners, and at different times. Whether, therefore, Fate is executed by ſome ſpirits, the miniſters of Divine Providence, or the chain of Fate is framed by the ſoul, or by the ſubſervience of all nature, or by the celeſtial motions of the ſtars, or by angelic virtue, or the various ſkill of demons, or by ſome or all of theſe; this, however, is manifeſt, that Providence is the immoveable and ſimple form of things to be carried on; but Fate is the moveable chain, and temporal order, of thoſe things which the divine ſimplicity hath appointed to be carried on. Whence it is, that all things whith are under the influence of Fate, are alſo ſubject to Providence, to which Fate itſelf too is ſubordinate. But ſome things which are placed under Providence tranſcend the chain of Fate; and theſe are ſuch as, being firmly fixed near the Supreme Divinity, ſurpaſs the rank of moveable Fate. For, as of orbs revolving round the ſame fixed point, that which is innermoſt approaches toward

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the ſimplicity of the middle point, and is, as it were, a center for the reſt, that are placed without, about which they turn; but the outmoſt, whirled in a greater orbit, is revolved through larger ſpaces, as it recedes from the middle indiviſible point: But, whatever connects and joins itſelf to that middle point, is reduced to ſimplicity, and ceaſes to range and move at large. In like manner, what departs farther from the firſt mind, is involved in greater ties of Fate; and ſo far is any thing free from Fate, as it approaches nearer that center of things; but, if it adhere to the fixedneſs of the ſupreme Mind, being freed from motion, it alſo tranſcends the neceſſity of Fate. Therefore, as reaſoning is to intuition; as that which is beginning to be, to that which is; as time to eternity; as a circle to its center; ſo is the moveable chain of Fate to the ſtable ſimplicity of Providence. This chain moves heaven and the ſtars, attempers the elements to one another, and transforms them by alternate change: The ſame renews all things which grow up and die, by ſimilar progreſſions of generations, and of ſeeds: This alſo binds the actions and the fortunes of men, by an indiſſoluble connection of cauſes; which, proceeding from

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the principles of unchangeable providence, muſt alſo themſelves be neceſſarily unchangeable; for things are then beſt governed, when the ſimplicity immanent in the divine mind diſcloſeth an invariable order of cauſes; and this order, by its immutability, reſtrains things which are mutable, and would otherwiſe fluctuate at random: Hence it is, that although to you men, who are not able to comprehend this order, all things appear confuſed and diſordered, yet, nevertheleſs, every thing is ordered in a proper manner, directing to good; for there is nothing which is done for the ſake of evil, even by the wicked themſelves, who, as has been fully demonſtrated, while they ſeek for good, are turned away from it by pernicious error; much leſs can the order, which proceeds from the direction of the chief good, make any one deviate from his proper principle. But you will ſay, What greater injuſtice and confuſion can there be, than that croſs as well as proſperous events ſhould happen to the good, and that both deſirable and hateful things ſhould happen to the wicked? Are men then poſſeſſed of ſuch perfection of judgment, that thoſe whom they reckon good or bad, muſt neceſſarily be as they think?

think? Nay, the judgments of men diſagree in this; and they whom ſome eſteem worthy of reward, are thought by others worthy of puniſhment. But let us grant, that one may be able to diſcern the good, or the bad, Will he then be able to obſerve that internal conſtitution of minds, as we uſe to ſpeak of bodies? For this wonder is not unlike that of a perſon, who knows not why, in healthy bodies ſweat things are proper for ſome, and bitter things for others; or why ſick perſons find relief, ſome from gentle, others from ſharp medicines: But a phyſician, who knows the nature and temperament of health and ſickneſs, does not at all wonder at this. But what elſe ſeems to be the health of men's minds but probity? What their ſickneſs but vices? And who elſe is the preſerver of good, or the repeller of evil things, but God, the governour and regulator of the mental powers; who, when he looks from the high watch-tower of Providence, diſcerns what is proper for every one, and applies what he knows to be proper? Hence now, that ſtrange appearance of the order of Fate amounts to this, that a thing is done by a knowing perſon, at which the ignorant are amazed; for, that I may briefly hint a few things,

things, which human reaſon is able to comprehend, of the divine depth, with reſpect to this man, whom you think moſt juſt, and moſt obſervant of equity, the caſe ſeems different to all knowing Providence; and our friend Lucan has obſerved, that the victorious cauſe pleaſed the Gods, but the conquered cauſe pleaſed Cato. In this caſe then, whatever you ſee going on contrary to expectation, there is good order in the things themſelves, but perverſe confuſion in your opinion. But let any one be of ſuch good morals, that the divine and human judgment agree together concerning him, yet he is weak in the powers of his mind; and, if any croſs accident befal him, he will perhaps ceaſe to practiſe innocence, by conforming to which he could not retain his fortune; therefore, a wiſe diſpenſation ſpares him, whom adverſity might make worſe, that he, to whom hardſhip is not ſuitable, may not ſuffer it. Another is complete in all virtues, upright, and next to God; Providence judges it unjuſt that ſuch a man ſhould be touched by any adverſity, ſo that it doth not permit him to be troubled even by bodily diſeaſes; for, as one, more excellent than I, ſays, "The heavenly powers build up the body of

"the

"the godlike man." And it often happens, that the chief management of affairs is committed to good men, that abounding iniquity may be repreſſed. To others, Providence aſſigns a mixed lot; chaſtiſes ſome, to prevent their growing wanton by long proſperity; and permits others to be exerciſed with hardſhips, in order to confirm the virtues of their minds by the uſe and practice of patience. Some fear what they are able to bear, more than they have reaſon to do; others deſpiſe more than is reaſonable, what they are not able to bear: Theſe Providence leads through ſevere trials, that they may learn to know themſelves. Some have purchaſed the venerable name of endleſs fame at the price of a glorious death. Some, unmoved by tortures, have ſet an example to others, that virtue is proof againſt ſufferings; and how rightly and orderly, and how much for the good of thoſe to whom they are ſeen to happen, theſe events fall out, there is no doubt. For this event alſo, that ſometimes ſevere, ſometimes deſirable things, happen to the wicked, proceeds from the ſame cauſes. For, as to the ſeverities they ſuffer, nobody wonders, becauſe all think they are ill deſerving; and their ſufferings both

deter

deter others from wickedneſs, and reform the ſufferers themſelves: But their proſperity ſufficiently teacheth good men what they ought to think of this ſort of happineſs, which they often ſee attending the wicked. In which diſpenſation I think it is alſo to be conſidered, that perhaps the nature of ſome perſon is ſo very forward and untractable, that poverty may rather provoke him to wickedneſs: Providence cures his diſeaſe by the remedy of beſtowing money upon him. Another, viewing his conſcience polluted with ſcandalous crimes, is perhaps in great fear, when he compares his fortune with himſelf, leſt he ſhould ſuffer a ſad loſs of his eſtate, the enjoyment of which is comfortable. He will therefore change his manners; and, while he is afraid of loſing his fortune, he forſakes his lewdneſs. Others, by proſperity increaſed undeſervedly, have been plunged in juſt deſtruction. To ſome has been granted the right of puniſhing, that it might be an occaſion of exerciſe to the good, and of pain to the wicked. For, as there is no agreement between the virtuous and the vitious, ſo the vitious cannot agree among themſelves. And how can it be otherwiſe? when vices tear their conſcience,

and

and they all differ from themſelves, and often do thoſe things, which, when done, they judge ought not to have been done. Hence that ſovereign Providence has often exhibited a notable wonder, that bad men ſhould make the bad good. For, while ſome think that they ſuffer unjuſt things from the worſt of men, fired with hatred of the offenders, they have returned to the practice of virtue, while they ſtudied to be unlike thoſe whom they hated. For the divine power is ſingular in this, that, to ſuch a power even bad things may be good, when, by uſing them in a proper manner, ſome good effect is produced; for all things are connected by a certain order, ſo that what has departed from the aſſigned manner of order, the ſame may return to order, though to another order, that nothing in the kingdom of Providence may be left to undirected temerity.

" But hard it were to mention in detail,
" And all theſe heav'nly myſt'ries to unveil."

For it is not permitted to man, either to comprehend in his mind, or to explain in words, all

the engines of the divine work. Let it ſuffice to have diſcovered this only, that the ſame God who brought all things to light, orders all, directing their nature to good; and, while he intends to retain the things which he hath produced in a reſemblance to himſelf, he excludes all evil from the bounds of his commonwealth by a chain of fatal neceſſity. Whence it is, that, though evils are believed to abound on earth, if you regard diſpoſing Providence, you will find there is no evil any where. But I have ſeen, for ſome time, that you are burdened with the weight of the matter in queſtion, and fatigued with the length of the reaſoning, and that you expect ſome ſweetening of poetry. Take a draught then, that, being therewith refreſhed, you may proceed in better ſpirits to what remains.

METRE VI.

If with pure mind you clearly would diſcern
The laws of the exalted Thunderer,
Behold the regions of the lofty ſky;
There, by the juſt arrangement of the whole,
The ſtars their ancient peaceful order keep.

The

The Sun, excited by his beaming fire,
Does not the Moon's cold axle diſcompoſe;
Nor does the Bear, who turns her rapid courſe,
Around the northern elevated Pole,
Who never batheth in the weſtern deep,
Though other ſtars ſhe ſees therein immers'd,
Deſire to cool her flames in Ocean's waves:
Veſper, by juſt viciſſitudes of time,
Always announces the late ſhades of night,
And Lucifer brings back the chearful day.
So mutual love renews th' eternal courſe:
So war diſcordant ever is exil'd
From the bleſt regions of the ſtarry realms.
This concord in proportion'd meaſure blends
The Elements, that moiſture may by turns
Yield, though repugnant, to the binding drought,
And cold with heat may join in faithful league,
The fire ſuſpended riſe to regions high;
And earth, depreſſed by its weight, ſubſide.
From theſe ſame cauſes, in the warming ſpring,
The flowery ſeaſon breathes its odours ſweet,
And fervid ſummer foſters Ceres's gifts.
Autumn returns o'erloaded with her fruits,
And winter drippeth with deſcending ſhow'rs.
This equal temper foſters and improves
Whatever breathes the vital air on earth.

The ſame cuts off, conceals, and takes away,
Sinking in final ſetting things that riſe:
Mean time the great Creator ſits on high,
And ruling guides the reigns of th' univerſe,
The King and Lord, Fountain and Origin,
The Law, and wiſe diſtributer of right;
And what he ſets in motion he confines,
Retracts, and fixes in a certain ſphere:
For, did he not their forward courſe recal,
And make them wheel about in circling orbs,
The things, that ſtabliſh'd order now maintains,
Diſſever'd from their fountain, ſoon would fail.
This love to all is common, and they ſeek
To be confin'd within the bounds of good,
Becauſe no otherwiſe can they endure,
Unleſs, by love attracted, they return
To that Firſt Cauſe which gave them to exiſt.

PROSE VII.

Do you ſee then what follows from all that we have ſaid? What? ſay I. That every fortune, ſays ſhe, is altogether good. How can that be? ſay I. Take notice, ſays ſhe; ſince every fortune, whether agreeable or otherwiſe, is aſſigned both to reward and exerciſe the good,

good, and to puniſh and reform the wicked, it is plain that all is good which is evidently juſt or uſeful. The reaſon, ſay I, is indeed too true; and, when I conſider Providence or Fate, which you taught a little before, the maxim reſteth on a ſure foundation. But let us place this maxim, if you pleaſe, among thoſe which you reckoned a little before as paradoxes, or contrary to the common opinion. Why? ſays ſhe. Becauſe common language uſes this way of ſpeaking, and indeed frequently, that the fortune of ſome is bad. Do you chooſe, then, ſays ſhe, that we aſſent to the language of the common people for a little, that we may not ſeem to have departed too far from the practice of mankind? As you pleaſe, ſay I. Do you not then judge that to be good which is profitable? I do, ſay I. But that fortune, which either exerciſes or reforms, is profitable. I confeſs it, ſay I. It is good then. Why not? But this is the fortune of thoſe who are ſettled in a virtuous courſe, and waging war againſt hardſhips, or of thoſe who are turning from vices, and purſuing the path of virtue. I cannot deny it, ſay I. But what think people of that agreeable fortune which is given as a reward to the good? Do they judge it to be bad?

bad? By no means; but they think it to be beſt, as it is. As to the remaining ſort of fortune, which is ſevere, and reſtrains the bad by juſt puniſhment, Do the people think it good? Nay, ſay I, they judge it to be the moſt miſerable of all things that can be imagined. Conſider then whether, by following the opinion of the people, we have not concluded ſomething very paradoxical. What? ſay I. For from thoſe things, ſays ſhe, which have been granted, it follows that, to thoſe who are either in the poſſeſſion of virtue, or in a progreſs towards it, or who have juſt attained to it, every fortune, whatever it may be, is good; but very bad to thoſe who continue in wickedneſs. That is true, ſay I, though nobody dare own it. Wherefore, ſays ſhe, as it does not become a brave man to be vexed, when the din of war ſounds in his ears; ſo a wiſe man ought not to take it amiſs when he is brought to a conflict with fortune. For to both the difficulty itſelf is an occaſion, to the former of advancing his glory, and to the other of confirming his wiſdom. Whence alſo it is called fortitude; becauſe, relying on its own forces, it is not overcome by adverſity. For it is not for you, and others, who are arri-

ved,

ved at an advanced ſtate of virtue, to diſſolve in delights, and languiſh in pleaſure: But ye are engaged in a very ſharp conflict with every ſort of fortune, leſt the gloomy ſhould overwhelm you, or the bright corrupt you: Lay hold then of the mean with ſteady reſolution. For, whoever falls ſhort, or goes beyond, engages in the conteſt for happineſs, but obtains not the reward of his labour. Indeed, it is in your own power what ſort of fortune ye chooſe to form for yourſelves; for every fortune which ſeemeth hard, ſerves either to exerciſe, or reform, or puniſh.

METRE VII.

For twice five years the vengeful Atreus' ſon
In war engag'd, by Phrygia's fall aton'd
His brother's diſappointed nuptial bed.
He, while he wiſhes with the Grecian fleet
To ſail, and purchaſes fair winds with blood,
Threw off the father, and the grieved Prieſt
Pierced the poor devoted daughter's throat.
Ulyſſes mourn'd his loſt companion's fate,
Whom Polyphemus wild, in his vaſt den
Reclining, in his horrid belly plung'd;

But

But yet, with blinded face, in furious rage,
His joy with mournful cries he did repay.
His labours hard make Hercules renown'd:
The proud aſpiring Centaurs he ſubdu'd,
He ſtript the ſavage Lion of his ſkin,
And pierc'd the rav'nous Fowls with arrows ſure.
He robb'd the watchful Dragon of the fruit,
His left hand laden with the golden prize.
With triple chain he Cerb'rus dragg'd along;
And to the ſavage men-devouring Steeds
He gave their cruel maſter up for food.
The fiery pois'nous Hydra he cut off:
The river Achelous quite diſmay'd,
Conceal'd his bluſhing face within his banks.
He foil'd Anteus on the Lybian ſands:
And Cacus ſlain fated Evander's wrath.
The briſtly Boar with foam the ſhoulders ſtain'd,
Which ſtarry orbs were deſtined to preſs.
His final labour with unbended neck
Bore up the ſky, and in return he gain'd
Heav'n for his final labours due reward.
Go now courageous, where the way ſublime
Of this ſo great example leads you on:
Why do you indolent your backs expoſe?
To conquer earthly things, exalts to heav'n.

BOOK V.

PROSE I.

SHE ſaid, and turned the courſe of her ſpeech to treat of and diſcuſs ſome other things. Then, ſaid I, your exhortation is indeed right, and altogether worthy of your authority. But, as you ſaid that the queſtion about Providence was involved in many others, ſo I find it to be in reality. For I aſk, Whether you think that Chance is any thing at all, or what it is: Then, ſhe ſays, I haſten to pay my debt of promiſe, and to open a way for you, by which you may be conveyed back to your native place. But, though theſe things are very uſeful to be known, yet they lie a little out of the way of our purpoſe; and it is to be feared, that by being fa-

tigued in by-paths, you may not be able to hold out to the end of the ſtraight way. Do not fear that at all, ſay I. For it will be in place of a reſt to me, to come to the knowledge of thoſe things with which I am greatly delighted. Moreover, ſince every part of your reaſoning has been ſupported by undoubted credibility, I queſtion not but that the ſequel will be the ſame. Then, ſhe ſays, I will do as you deſire; and at the ſame time ſhe began thus: If, indeed, ſays ſhe, one define Chance to be an event produced by a raſh undeſigning motion, without any connection of cauſes, I maintain that Chance is nothing at all, and pronounce it a mere inſignificant word, quite foreign to the ſubject under conſideration. For, while God confines all things to order, what room can be left for diſorderly temerity? For it is a true maxim, That nothing exiſts from nothing; which none of the ancients ever denied; though they laid a kind of foundation, not on the operating principle, but on the material ſubject, that is, on the nature of all the reaſons or relations of things. But, if any thing ariſe from no cauſes, it will ſeem to have ariſen from nothing. But, if this is not poſſible, neither is it poſſible that there

there can be any ſuch Chance as we defined a little before. What then? ſay I; Is there nothing which can be juſtly called Chance or Accident? Or, is there ſomething, though it be concealed from the vulgar, to which theſe words agree? My pupil Ariſtotle, ſays ſhe, in his Phyſics, has defined it in a brief way, and near the truth. In what way? As often, ſays he, as ſomething is done for the purpoſe of any thing, and another thing than what was intended, falls out from certain cauſes; this is called Chance; as if one digging the ground for the purpoſe of cultivating his field, ſhould find a quantity of buried gold. This is believed to have happened accidentally; but it is not for nothing: For it has its proper cauſes; the unforeſeen and unexpected concurrence of which ſeems to have produced the accident. For, unleſs the labourer of the field had dug the ground, and unleſs he who depoſited his money had buried it in that place, the gold had not been found. Theſe, then, are the cauſes of that fortuitous gain which proceeded from occaſions meeting and concurring with one another, and not from the intention of any agent. For, neither did he who buried the gold, nor he who laboured the field,

intend

intend that the money ſhould be found; but, as I have ſaid, it happened by a meeting and concurrence of cauſes, that what the one buried the other digged up. We may therefore define Chance to be an unexpected event from concurring cauſes, in thoſe things which are done for the ſake of ſome other thing. Now, the concurrence and confluence of cauſes is occaſioned by that order proceeding from an inevitable connection, which deſcending from the fountain of Providence, diſpoſes all things in their proper places and times.

METRE I.

'Mong cliffs of Parthian rocks, where flying ranks
Pierce their purſuers breaſts with pointed ſhafts,
The Tigris and Euphrates from one ſource
Flow out, and ſoon in diff'rent channels run.
Should theſe unite, and join their courſe again,
What either current's motion drags along;
Would ſoon accumulate, and choke the ſtream!
Ships would encounter, ſo would floating logs,
And caſual accidents, in diff'rent ways,
The mingled waves would ſtraiten and obſtruct.
Yet theſe ſame caſual accidents depend

On

On earth's declivity, and Nature's law
Of fluids moving on deſcending ground:
So Chance, which ſeems to waver with looſe reins,
Itſelf is bridled, and proceeds by law.

PROSE II.

I am ſenſible of it, ſay I, and agree that it is as you ſay. But, in this coherent chain of cauſes, is there any liberty of our will, or does the chain of Fate bind even the very motions of human minds? There is liberty, ſays ſhe; for there cannot be any rational nature that is not endowed with liberty of will. For that which can naturally uſe reaſon, has judgment, by which it diſcerns every thing of itſelf: Therefore it diſtinguiſhes things to be avoided or wiſhed for. But that which one judges proper to be wiſhed for, he purſues, but declines what he thinks ought to be avoided. Wherefore, they who have reaſon, have alſo a liberty of chooſing and refuſing. But I determine that this liberty is not equal in all. For ſuperior and divine ſubſtances have a clear judgment, an incorrupt will, and a power ready to accompliſh what they deſire. But human ſouls muſt neceſſarily be more

more free, when they keep themſelves in the contemplation of the divine mind; but leſs ſo, when they fall off to corporeal objects; and leſs ſtill, when confined and influenced by earthly bodies. But the greateſt ſlavery is, when, given up to vices, they have fallen from the poſſeſſion of their proper reaſon. For, when they have caſt down their eyes from the light of ſupreme truth to lower and dark things, immediately they are obſcured by a cloud of ignorance, and diſcompoſed by pernicious affections; by ſubmitting and conſenting to which, they increaſe the ſlavery, which they have brought upon themſelves, and are in a manner captive by their own liberty. Which things, however, that eye of Providence, which ſeeth all things from eternity, beholds and diſpoſes them, being predeſtinated each according to their merits:

"God overſees all things, and heareth all."

METRE II.

Phoebus refulgent with unſully'd light,
In ſweetly flowing meaſure Homer ſings;
Yet cannot Phoebus, with his feeble rays,
Break

Break through the inmoſt bow'ls of earth or ſea.
Not ſo the Maker of the ſpacious world:
To him who vieweth all things from on high,
The ſolid earth can no reſiſtance make,
Nor night with ſable clouds can him oppoſe:
He ſees, with one exertion of his mind,
What is, what has been, and what is to come;
Whom, ſince he only doth all things behold,
You may with juſtice call the real Sun.

PROSE III.

Then, ſaid I, lo, I am perplexed again with a more difficult doubt. What is it, ſays ſhe? For now I gueſs by what things you are diſturbed. It ſeems, ſay I, to be too inconſiſtent and contradictory, that God foreknows all things, and that there is any power of liberty; for, if God foreſeees all things, and cannot by any means be deceived, that muſt happen, which Providence foreſaw would come to paſs. Wherefore, if God foreknows from eternity not only the actions of men, but alſo their deſigns and wills, there will be no liberty of choice; for neither can any other action, or any will exiſt, but what the divine Providence, which cannot be deceived, hath foreknown:

For,

For, if things can be turned otherwiſe, than as they were foreſeen, there will be then no certain foreknowledge of futurity, but rather an uncertain opinion; which I judge impious to ſuppoſe of God: For I do not approve of that manner, by which ſome ſuppoſe now a-days, that they can ſolve this knotty queſtion. For they ſay, that a thing will not therefore happen, becauſe Providence foreſaw it was to be; but rather, on the contrary, becauſe a thing is to be, it cannot be concealed from the divine Providence. But ſo the reverſe of this is neceſſary; for it is not neceſſary that thoſe things happen which are foreſeen, but it is neceſſary that thoſe things be foreſeen which are to happen. As if the buſineſs were, to inquire what is the cauſe of every thing, whether the foreknowledge of the neceſſity of future things, or the neceſſity of foreſeeing future things. But let us endeavour to ſhow, that, however the order of cauſes may be, the event of things foreknown is neceſſary, although foreknowledge ſhould not ſeem to infer a neceſſity of future things coming to paſs. For if any perſon is ſitting, the opinion which ſuppoſes that he is ſitting, muſt be true: But again, on the contrary, if the opinion of any one's ſitting be true, he muſt be ſitting. This is therefore

fore a neceſſity in both; in the one of ſitting, in the other of truth. But one does not therefore ſit, becauſe the opinion is true; but rather this opinion is true, becauſe it is preſuppoſed that he is ſitting. Thus, though the cauſe of truth proceeds from one ſide, yet there is a common neceſſity in both. We may reaſon in the ſame manner of Providence and things to come: For although they are foreſeen for this reaſon, becauſe they are to happen, but do not therefore happen, becauſe they are foreſeen; yet nevertheleſs it is neceſſary, both that things to come ſhould be foreſeen by God, and that things foreſeen ſhould come to paſs; which alone is ſufficient to deſtroy liberty of will. But now how prepoſterous is it, that the event of temporal things ſhould be ſaid to be the cauſe of the eternal foreknowledge? For what elſe is it, to think that God foreſees things to come, becauſe they are to happen, than to ſuppoſe that things, which have formerly happened, are the cauſe of his ſovereign Providence? Beſides, as, when I know that a thing is, it is neceſſary that it is; ſo, when I know that a thing will be, it is neceſſary that it will be. Thus then it follows, that the event of a thing foreknown cannot be

avoided. Laſtly, if any one thinks a thing to be otherwiſe than as it is, that is ſo far from being knowledge, that it is a falſe opinion far different from the truth of knowledge. Wherefore, if any thing future is ſuch, that its event is not certain and neceſſary, how can it be foreknown that it will come to paſs? For, as knowledge itſelf is unmixed with falſehood, ſo that which is conceived by it cannot be otherwiſe than as it is conceived. For the reaſon why knowledge is free from falſehood is, that every thing muſt neceſſarily be, as knowledge comprehends it to be. What then? In what manner does God foreknow theſe uncertain futurities? For if he judges that thoſe things will inevitably happen, which it is poſſible may alſo not happen, he is deceived; which it is impious not only to think, but even to mention. But if he decrees that they will be, as they are, uncertain, ſo that he knows they may equally either be or not be; what is this foreknowledge, which comprehends nothing certain, nothing eſtabliſhed? or wherein does it differ from that ridiculous prophecy of Tireſias? "Whate'er I ſay will either be, or not." What better alſo will the divine Providence be than human

man opinion, if, as men do, he judge thoſe things uncertain, the event of which is uncertain? But if there can be no uncertainty with him who is the moſt certain fountain of all things; the event of thoſe things is certain, which he hath deciſively foreknown will come to paſs. Wherefore there is no liberty in the deſigns and actions of men; which the divine mind, that vieweth all things without the poſſibility of error or miſtake, ties down and fixes to one event. Which being once admitted, it plainly appears what a ſubverſion of human affairs would follow: For in vain are rewards and puniſhments propoſed to the good and bad, which no free and voluntary motion of their minds hath deſerved; and that will ſeem the moſt unjuſt of all things, which now is judged moſt juſt, that either the wicked ſhould be puniſhed, or the good rewarded; whom not their own will diſpoſeth, but the certain neceſſity of the future compelleth, to the one or the other. And ſo there will be no ſuch thing as vices or virtues, but rather a mixed and undiſtinguiſhed confuſion of all merit and demerit. And ſince the whole order of things is derived from Providence, and nothing permitted to the deſigns

of

of men, it follows that all our vices will be aſcribed to the Author of all good, than which nothing more wicked can be imagined. Therefore there will be no reaſon for hoping or praying for any thing? For what can any one hope, or pray for, when all things are bound faſt by an unalterable chain? Therefore the only intercourſe between God and men will be taken away; namely, that of hope and prayer; For we obtain the ineſtimable return of the divine favour for the price of a juſt humility; which is the only manner in which men ſeem capable of converſing with God, and by the very means of ſupplication to be joined to that inacceſſible light, even before they obtain what they deſire; and if, by admitting the neceſſity of future events, theſe means are ſuppoſed to have no efficacy, what will there be, by which we can be connected with, and adhere to, that great Sovereign of the Univerſe? Wherefore mankind, as you were ſinging a little before, being diſſevered and disjoined from their fountain, muſt fail.

METRE

METRE III.

What jarring cauſe diſturbs the gen'ral laws?
What God ſuch war between two truths hath
rais'd,
That though, when ſingly taken, they are ſure,
The ſame when mixt refuſe to be conjoin'd?
Have truths no diſcord? and do they remain
Firm, and conſiſtent always with themſelves?
They do: But human minds, with bodies dark
Encumber'd, cannot, by dim reaſon's light,
Diſcern the fine and ſlender ties of things.
Why is the mind with ſo much ardour fir'd
To find the characters of truth conceal'd?
Knows it, what anxious it deſires to know?
If ſo, why labour things to know again?
If not, why ſeek to know what darkneſs hides?
For who unknowing can a thing deſire?
Or who can follow after things unknown?
How can the ignorant find what he ſeeks?
Or know its form, diſtinguiſhing, when found?
Did Reaſon, when it view'd the Mind Supreme,
At once diſcern the whole, and ev'ry part?
Now lodged in the body's dark'ning cloud,
It has not totally forgot itſelf,

But

But keeps the ſum, though it hath loſt the parts.
Whoever, therefore, ſearcheth after truth,
Is in a neutral ſtate, and neither knows,
Nor yet is wholly ignorant of all:
But muſes on the ſum he ſtill preſerves,
Retracing what he viewed from afar,
That he may add the parts he had forgot
To that which he remembers and retains.

PROSE IV.

Then, ſhe ſays, this is an old complaint of Providence, much agitated by Cicero, in the diſtribution of his diſcourſe on Divination; and the thing has been very long and much inquired into by yourſelf, but has by no means been explained with ſufficient diligence and ſolidity by any of you hitherto. The cauſe of which darkneſs is, that the unſteadineſs of human reaſoning cannot be applied to the ſimplicity of the divine foreknowledge; which, if by any means it can be conceived, no doubtfulneſs at all will remain; which I ſhall endeavour to unfold and lay open, when I have firſt cleared thoſe intricate matters about which you are perplexed. I aſk then, why you judge their manner of ſolution

tion leſs effectual, who think that liberty of will is no way infringed by foreknowledge, becauſe they reckon that foreknowledge is not the cauſe of the neceſſity of future events. For, do you draw your argument for the neceſſity of things to come from any thing elſe, but becauſe thoſe things which are foreknown cannot but happen? If, then, foreknowledge adds no neceſſity to future things, which you alſo a little before confeſſed; what reaſon is there, that the voluntary iſſues of things ſhould be forced to a certain event? For, to make a ſuppoſition, that you may perceive what will follow, let us put the caſe that there is no foreknowledge. Are thoſe things then, which proceed from choice, forced to neceſſity, in this view of the matter? By no means. Let us again put the caſe, that there is foreknowledge, but that it enjoins no neceſſity to things; there will remain, in my judgment, the ſame entire and abſolute liberty of will. But foreknowledge, you will ſay, though it is not a neceſſity of the event of future things, is however a ſign, that they will neceſſarily come to paſs. In this manner, then, although there had been no foreknowledge, it would appear that the events of future things are neceſſary. For every

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ſign ſhows only what is, but doth not affect what it ſignifies. Wherefore it ſhould firſt be demonſtrated, that every thing happens from neceſſity, that it may appear that foreknowledge is a ſign of this neceſſity. Otherwiſe, if there is no ſuch neceſſity, neither can foreknowledge be the ſign of a thing, which has no exiſtence. But now it is certain, that a proof, ſupported by ſubſtantial reaſon, ought to be deduced, not from ſigns, nor from arguments fetched from without, but from proper and neceſſary cauſes. But how can it be, that thoſe things ſhall not come to paſs which are foreſeen to be future? As if, indeed, we believed that thoſe things will not come to paſs which Providence foreſees will happen, and did not rather think that, though they come to paſs, yet they had no neceſſity, in their own nature, that they ſhould come to paſs, which you may eaſily comprehend from the following example. For we behold many things, while they are doing, expoſed to our eyes, as thoſe things which charioteers are obſerved to do in the managing and turning of chariots, and other things of this nature. Now, does any neceſſity force any of theſe things to be done? By no means. For the effect of art would be

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in vain, if all was moved by force. What things therefore, while they are doing, have no neceſſity of exiſting, the ſame, before they be done, are without any neceſſity about to exiſt. Wherefore there are ſome things that will happen, the event of which is free from all neceſſity. For I ſuppoſe none will ſay, that the things which now come to paſs, were not to happen, before they came to paſs. Theſe things, then, even when foreknown, have free events. For, as the knowledge of the preſent infers no neceſſity of things which are; ſo neither does the knowledge of the future, of things which are to come. But, ſay you, this very thing is doubted, whether there can be any foreknowledge of things which have not neceſſary events; for theſe appear to you to be incompatible, and you think that, if they are foreſeen, neceſſity muſt follow; that, if neceſſity be wanting, they are not foreknown at all, and that nothing can be comprehended by knowledge but what is certain. But, if thoſe things which are of an uncertain event, are foreſeen as certain; this appears to be the darkneſs of opinion, not the truth of knowledge. For, to think of a thing otherwiſe than as it is, you believe to be inconſiſtent with the perfection of knowledge. The cauſe of which error is, that, as to the

things which one is acquainted with, he thinks that all that is known of them is to be judged of from their own power and nature; which is quite otherwiſe. For every thing which is known is comprehended, not according to its own power, but rather according to the faculty of thoſe who know it. For, that this may appear by a ſhort example, the ſight perceives the ſame roundneſs of a body in one way, and the touch in another. One man ſtanding at a diſtance beholds the whole at once by the rays darted from it; while another near the orb, and cloſe to the circumference of it, while in motion, comprehends the roundneſs by parts. Man himſelf, too, is conſidered in one way by ſenſe, in another by imagination, in another by reaſon, and in another by underſtanding. For ſenſe judges of the figure formed in the ſubject matter, while the imagination judges of the figure alone without matter. But reaſon tranſcends this too, and comprehends the appearance itſelf which is in individuals, by an univerſal conſideration. But the eye of the underſtanding riſes higher. For, ſurpaſſing the ſphere of univerſality, it views the ſimple form itſelf by the pure light of the mind. On which ſubject, this

this is chiefly to be conſidered, that the higher power of comprehending includes the lower, but the lower by no means riſeth to the higher. For neither doth the power of ſenſe extend beyond matter, nor doth imagination view univerſal ideas, or reaſon comprehend the ſimple form; but underſtanding, looking as it were from above, having conceived the form, judges of all things which are under it, but in the manner in which it comprehends the form itſelf, which could be known to no other faculty. For it knows both the univerſality of reaſon, and the figure of imagination, and the ſenſation of material things, without uſing reaſon, imagination, or ſenſes, but by viewing all things formally, ſo to ſpeak, by one ſingle glance of the mind. Reaſon alſo, when it conſiders any thing univerſal, comprehends imaginable and ſenſible things, without uſing imagination or ſenſes. For it is this which defines the univerſal idea it has conceived thus: Man is a two-footed animal, endued with reaſon, which, though an univerſal idea, yet every one knows is imaginable, and ſenſible, which reaſon conſiders not by imagination, or ſenſe, but by a rational conception. Imagination, too, though it took its riſe from the

the ſenſes of ſeeing and forming figures, yet views the ſeveral objects of ſenſe, when ſenſation is abſent, in a way of judging, not by the ſenſes, but by the imagination. Do you ſee then how, in knowing, all rather uſe their own faculty, than that of the things which are known? And not without reaſon; for, ſince every judgment is the act of him who judgeth, it is neceſſary that every one ſhould perform his function, not by the power of others, but his own.

METRE IV.

Some Stoics, of a rank obſcure,
Did formerly themſelves aſſure,
And held it as a truth confeſt,
That marks and images impreſt
By outward objects on the mind
To form ideas were deſign'd:
Juſt as with ſtile, or nimble quill,
We uſe the empty page to fill,
And mark upon its ſurface bright
What letters fancy doth endite.
But if the mind cannot direct
Its agency, and nought effect,

Whence

Whence then have minds this knowledge high,
This notion, which doth all eſpy?
What pow'r for ev'ry thing provides,
And what the things it knows divides?
What doth divided things unite,
Chooſes the way it judges right,
Now things ſublime deſires to know,
And now deſcends to things below,
Then with intenſe collected view,
The falſe confuteth by the true?
This cauſe efficient ſure muſt be
Of far more pow'rful energy,
Than paſſive matter, which at beſt
Can only bear the marks impreſt;
Yet quick ſenſations firſt excite,
And all the mental pow'rs unite.
When either light doth ſtrike the eyes,
Or when the ears are mov'd by cries;
Then is the vigour of the mind
Arous'd to notions of a kind,
And to th' impreſſions it ſuſtains,
Applies the notions it retains,
And mingles images receiv'd
With forms within itſelf conceiv'd.

PROSE

PROSE V.

But if, in the perceiving of bodies, though qualities preſented from without affect the organs of the ſenſes, and the impreſſion made upon the body precedes the exertion of the acting mind, and calls forth the act of the thinking principle, and in the mean time excites the forms that reſt within: If, I ſay, in the perceiving of bodies, the mind is not impreſſed in a paſſive manner, but by its own power judges of the impreſſion made upon the body; how much more are thoſe powers, which are free from all bodily affections, not influenced by objects from without in judging of them, but plainly exert an act of their own mind? In this manner, then, many ways of perception are allotted to various and different ſubſtances. For ſenſe alone, deſtitute of all other perceptions, is allotted to motionleſs animals; ſuch as the ſhell-fiſh of the ſea, and others which are nouriſhed ſticking to the rocks. But imagination is given to beaſts that move; for, even in them, there ſeems to be ſome affection of averſion or deſire. But reaſon belongs to the human nature only, as

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underſtanding to the divine alone; Whence it is, that that perception excels others, which, from its own nature, knows not only its own proper ſubject, but alſo the ſubjects of other perceptions. What then, though ſenſe and imagination contradict the reaſoning faculty, ſaying, that the univerſal idea, which reaſon thinks it contemplates, is nothing? for that which is ſenſible, or imaginable, cannot be univerſal: That therefore, either the judgment of reaſon is true, and nothing is ſenſible; or, becauſe it is known to the ſenſes and imagination that many things are ſubject to them, that therefore the conception of reaſon is vain, which conſiders what is ſenſible and ſingular, as ſomething univerſal. If reaſon, on the other hand, ſhould anſwer to this, that it diſcerns both what is ſenſible, and what is imaginable, in the way of univerſality; but that they cannot aſpire to the knowledge of univerſality, becauſe their notice cannot reach beyond corporeal figures: But that, as to the knowledge of things, we ſhould truſt to a more ſolid and more perfect judgment. In ſuch a controverſy as this, ſhould not we, who are endowed with the power of reaſoning, as well as of imagining and feeling, rather approve of the cauſe

cauſe of reaſon? Similar to this it is, that human reaſon thinks the divine underſtanding doth not view future things, but as human reaſon conceives them. For you argue thus: If things do not appear to have certain and neceſſary events, they cannot be foreknown as certainly to come to paſs. Of theſe things, therefore, there is no foreknowledge; for, if we ſhould ſuppoſe foreknowledge to take place even in theſe, there will be nothing which doth not happen from neceſſity. If then, as we are partakers of reaſon, we could alſo form a judgment of the divine mind; as we have judged that imagination and ſenſe ought to yield to reaſon, ſo we would judge it moſt juſt that human reaſon ſhould ſubmit itſelf to the divine mind. Wherefore, let us raiſe ourſelves, if poſſible, to the pinnacle of that ſupreme intelligence for there reaſon will ſee what it cannot behold in itſelf; and that is, in what manner foreknowledge ſees, as certain and determined, even thoſe things which have not certain events. Nor will this be opinion, but rather the ſimplicity of the higheſt knowledge, confined by no bounds.

METRE

METRE V.

What various creatures do the earth pervade!
And in what diverſe manners do they move!
Some with extended body ſweep the duſt,
And with their breaſt a lengthen'd furrow draw.
Some with light waving pinions fan the air,
And ſkim the ſpacious ſky with flight ſerene.
Some on the yielding ſoil their ſteps impreſs,
Or bound along the verdant plains and lawns:
And though they all appear in diff'rent ſhapes,
Their grov'ling form doth all their ſenſes dull.
Mankind alone raiſe high their lofty heads,
Stand with ſtraight body, and on earth look down.
This figure warns you, if you're not unwiſe
To your own hurt, while with ſtraight countenance
You look to heav'n, and raiſe your eyes aloft,
To elevate the thinking principle;
Leſt, while the body is erected high,
The mind depreſt ſhould ſink to things below.

PROSE VI.

Since, then, as was ſhowed a little before, every thing which is known is judged of, not from its own nature, but from that of thoſe who comprehend it; let us conſider now, as far as is permitted, what is the ſtate of the divine ſubſtance, that we may perceive alſo what his knowledge is. Now, that God is eternal, is the common judgment of all who live according to reaſon. Let us conſider then what eternity is; for this will diſcover to us at once the divine nature and knowledge. Eternity then is, the whole and perfect poſſeſſion, altogether, of a life without beginning or end; which will appear more clearly from a compariſon of temporal things. For, whatever lives in time, it being now preſent, proceeds from the paſt to the future; and there is nothing conſtituted in time which can graſp the whole ſpace of its life at once. It has not yet arrived at to-morrow, but has already loſt yeſterday. Even in this day's life ye live no more but in the fleeting and tranſitory moment. What, therefore, is ſubject to the

the condition of time, although, as Ariſtotle thought of the world, it neither ever began to be, nor will ever end, and though its duration ſhould be co-extended with the infinity of time, yet it is not ſuch as can with reaſon be thought to be eternal. For it does not comprehend and enjoy the whole together, although the ſpace of an endleſs life: But the future being not yet come, it has it not as yet. What therefore comprehends and poſſeſſes the whole plenitude of an endleſs life together, from which neither any thing of the future is abſent, nor of the paſt elapſed, may juſtly be affirmed to be eternal: And it muſt, as having the power of itſelf, be always preſent with itſelf, and have the infinity of paſſing time preſent to it. Whence ſome judge erroneouſly, who, when they hear it was Plato's opinion, that this world had neither beginning of time, nor will have any end, think that the created world is thus co-eternal with the eternal Creator. For, it is one thing to paſs through an interminable life, which Plato attributed to the world, and another thing to comprehend the whole preſence of an interminable life altogether, which, it is manifeſt, is peculiar to the divine mind; Nor ſhould God be thought

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more ancient than created things in quantity of time, but rather in the property of his ſimple nature. For that infinite motion of temporal things imitates the preſentaneous ſtate of immoveable life; and being unable to reſemble and equal it, falls off from immobility to motion, and from the ſimplicity of preſent time ſpreads into an infinite quantity of future and paſt; and, when it cannot poſſeſs the whole plenitude of its life altogether, by reaſon that, in ſome manner, it never ceaſeth to be, it ſeems in ſome meaſure to emulate that which it cannot fully repreſent, connecting itſelf to ſome inſtant of this ſhort and flying moment: Which, becauſe it bears ſome reſemblance of that abiding preſence, makes every thing it is joined to appear to be. But, becauſe it could not remain, it laid hold of an infinite progreſſion of time; and ſo, by a progreſſive courſe, continued a life, the fullneſs of which it could not compaſs by being permanent. Therefore, if we would give right names to things, according to Plato's doctrine, we ſhould ſay, that God is eternal, but the world perpetual. Since, then, every judgment comprehends the things which are ſubject to it, according to its own nature, and an eternal

nal and ever preſent ſtate is proper to God; and, ſince his knowledge, tranſcending all motion of time, remains in the ſimplicity of his own preſence, and comprehending the infinite duration of paſt and future, conſiders all things in its own ſimple notice, as if they were preſently carrying on: Therefore, if you would judge aright of his foreknowledge, by which he has a diſtinct perception of all things, you will more juſtly eſteem it to be not foreknowledge, as of the future, but the knowledge of a never-failing inſtant: Whence it is not called *Praevidentia* (foreſeeing), but *Providentia* (Providence, or ſeeing at a diſtance); becauſe, ſeated at a diſtance from the loweſt things, it views all, as it were, from the lofty ſummit of things. Why, then, do you inſiſt, that thoſe things ſhould become neceſſary, which are viewed by the divine eye, when even men do not make thoſe things to be neceſſary which they behold? For, does your looking at things which you ſee preſent add any neceſſity to them? By no means. But, if it were fit to make a compariſon of the divine and human preſence, as ye ſee ſome things by this temporary preſence of your's, ſo he ſees all things by his eternal preſence. Where-

fore

fore this divine foreknowledge does not change the nature and property of things; and he beholds things that are preſent with him, ſuch as they will come to paſs hereafter in time; nor does he confound our judgments of things; but by one glance of his mind diſcerns things that are neceſſarily, as well as not neceſſarily to come. As when ye eſpy at the ſame time a man walking on the earth, and ſee the ſun riſing in the ſky, though ye behold both ſights at once, yet ye diſcern them diſtinctly, and judge the one to be voluntary, the other neceſſary. So then the divine eye looking down upon all, does not in the leaſt diſturb the quality of things, preſent indeed with him, but future with reſpect to time. Whence it follows, that it is not Opinion, but Knowledge founded upon truth, when he knows that a thing will be, which he alſo well knows to be free from any neceſſity of being. Here, if you ſay, what God ſees will happen, cannot but happen; and that which cannot but happen, falls out from neceſſity, and yet you do not affix the name of neceſſity to this. I will indeed confeſs a matter of the moſt ſolid truth, but to which ſcarce any one, who is not exerciſed in divine contemplation, will aſſent. For

I will anſwer, that the ſame futurity, when referred to the divine knowledge, is neceſſary; but when conſidered in its own nature, appears altogether free and unlimited: For there are two neceſſities; one ſimple, as that it is neceſſary, that all men are mortal; the other conditional, as if you know that a perſon is walking, it is neceſſary that he is walking; for that which any one knows, cannot be otherwiſe than as it is known to be. But this condition does by no means draw along with it that ſimple neceſſity: For it is not its own nature that conſtitutes this neceſſity, but the adding of the condition; for no neceſſity forceth a man to walk who goes on voluntarily; though, when he is walking, it is neceſſary that he is walking. The ſame way, then, if Providence ſees any thing preſent, it muſt neceſſarily be, although it has no neceſſity of nature. But God ſees thoſe futurities, which proceed from liberty of will, as preſent. Theſe, therefore, when referred to the divine view, become neceſſary by the condition of the divine knowledge; but, conſidered by themſelves, do not ceaſe from the unconfined liberty of their own nature. Therefore, without doubt, all things come to paſs, which he foreknows will

come

come to paſs; but of theſe ſome proceed from free will, which, although by exiſting they come to paſs, yet do not loſe their proper nature, becauſe, before they happened, they might alſo have not happened. But you will ſay, what matter is it then, though things are not neceſſary, when they happen by virtue of the condition of the divine knowledge, which is equivalent to all ſorts of neceſſity? Why, the matter is parallel to the example I produced a little before, of the ſun riſing and a man walking, which, while they are, cannot but be; yet the one of theſe was neceſſary to be before it happened; but the other not ſo. In like manner, thoſe things which God has preſent with him, without doubt happen; but ſome of them proceed from the neceſſity of things, others from the power of agents. What we ſaid then was not without reaſon, that theſe things, if referred to the divine knowledge, are neceſſary; if conſidered by themſelves, are free from the ties of neceſſity; as every thing which is obvious to the ſenſes, if you refer it to reaſon, is univerſal; if you have reſpect to the thing itſelf, it is ſingular. But you will ſay, if it is in my power to change my purpoſe, I ſhall make Providence

dence void; ſince, what it foreknows, I ſhall perhaps change. I will anſwer, that you may indeed alter your purpoſe; but, ſince the preſent truth of Providence ſees that you may do this, and whether you will do it or not, and which way you may turn yourſelf, you cannot eſcape the divine foreknowledge, as you cannot avoid the ſight of a preſent eye, although by free will you turn yourſelf to various actions. What then, you will ſay, ſhall the knowledge of God be changed according to my diſpoſition; ſo that when I chooſe ſometimes one thing, ſometimes another, he alſo may ſeem to change by turns his ways of knowing? By no means: For the divine view outruns all futurity, and turns it back, and recals it to the preſence of his proper knowledge; and does not change alternately, as you ſuppoſe, now this, now that way of knowing; but remaining the ſame, prevents, and comprehends, at one glance, all your changes. Which preſent way of comprehending and viewing all things God is poſſeſſed of not from the event of future things, but from the ſimplicity of nature peculiar to him. Whence that caſe alſo is reſolved, which you put a little before, that it would be impious to ſay, that our future

doings give occaſion to the knowledge of God: For this capacity of knowledge comprehending all things by a preſentaneous notice, ſets a bound to all things, but owes nothing to things that are poſterior. Now, ſince theſe things are ſo, liberty of will remains inviolate to men. Nor are thoſe laws unjuſt, which propoſe rewards and puniſhments to wills free from all neceſſity. God alſo, who foreknows all things, remains a ſpectator from above; and the ever-preſent eternity of his ſight concurs with the future quality of our actions, diſpenſing rewards to the good, and puniſhments to the wicked. Nor are our hopes in God, and prayers to him, in vain; which, when they are ſincere, cannot be ineffectual. Therefore, O men! abhor vices, practiſe virtues, raiſe your minds to good hopes, addreſs your humble prayers to heaven. Great neceſſity of probity, if ye will not diſſemble, is laid upon you, when ye act before the eyes of a Judge, who ſees all things.

THE END.

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